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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE JANUARY 21, 1944

INDIAN MULETEERS IN ITALY are here bringing in 8th Army wounded during the fierce fighting on the Sangro River front at the beginning of Dec. 1943 when General Montgomery's forces pierced the German winter line. The Bengal Lancers, 15th Punjabis and 5th Gurkha Rifles—serving with the Indian Division of the 8th Army—played a brilliant part in the Sangro battle ; and in the capture of Villa San Tommaso, west of Ortona, announced on Jan. 2, 1944, Indian troops again distinguished themselves. *Photo, British Official*

Our Roving Camera Visits Women Workers

BEHIND THE RAILWAY FRONT, this goggles-protected metal-worker in a big L.N.E.R. locomotive works is skilled in handling her tube-grinding machine. She was formerly a warehouse assistant.

UTILITY UNIFORMS recently introduced for nurses are designed to save materials and laundry work; free of pleats and tucks they can be entirely machine-laundered. Aprons have no strings; they are fastened with unbreakable and detachable buttons. A pioneer in war-time reform of nurses' uniforms is Miss Clare Alexandra, Matron of The London Hospital; she enlisted the aid of a West End designer.

ROYAL OBSERVER CORPS women share duty with men at certain stations. Posts are situated throughout the country and are staffed continuously for the purpose of functioning as "eyes and ears" of the R.A.F.—identifying by sight or hearing every type of aircraft, Allied or enemy, approaching each position.

AIR STEWARDESSES attend to the comfort of passengers taking long trips on urgent official business in aircraft of British Overseas Airways. These young women wear dark blue and white uniforms, with rose-coloured epaulettes. After the war they look forward to working on Transatlantic and European Air services.

WRENS on foreign service are doing yet another job formerly performed by men. Right, a Wren Boarding Officer descends a merchant vessel's ladder to a boat after having collected confidential documents from the captain.

A.T.S. GIRLS (right) at an Ordnance Depot in the Home Counties clean a 17-pounder anti-tank gun—Britain's shattering answer to the vaunted Nazi Tiger tank; fighting in North Africa saw its first battle-test (see page 372). Specially trained in the technical intricacies of the work, selected members of the A.T.S. also check repaired guns for the accuracy of the firing instruments before the guns are reissued to artillery units at home or abroad.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Keystone, Fox

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

THE last ten days of 1943 brought many signs that the climax of the war was close at hand. The Russian winter offensive opened in earnest. And, even more significant, the announcement of the names of the principal American, British and French commanders who will be in executive control in the decisive effort gave clear indications that the full power of the Allies would shortly be released. The long, and, no doubt for many, boring period of preparation and training is practically over; and with prospects of action all talk of staleness can be dropped.

The team of leaders President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill have chosen must give general satisfaction and inspire confidence. General Eisenhower has proved himself a supremely good mixer who can inspire his subordinates with the same quality—if necessary, by showing his teeth. I have always argued that great military forces must necessarily be composed of average human material. The test of the really great leader is his power of getting something more than average results from the average man. A commander, himself endowed with many of the qualities of genius, may by intolerance upset the balance of his machine.

Star performers will always emerge from the mass, but it is on the average man that the bulk of the work will fall. Treated with sympathy and understanding he will often develop unsuspected qualities and the general average will reach astonishing heights. Impatience and intolerance, on the other hand, tend to induce an inferiority complex in the less gifted, lowering the general standard and often giving rise to friction and jealousies. If I mistake not, both General Eisenhower and General Alexander to a remarkable degree possess the power of getting the best out of their subordinates of all grades and of all standards of natural attainment, encouraging initiative and avoiding over centralization of control.

IN THE KIEV SALIENT Russian counter-blows had developed into a mighty offensive by the end of 1943; arrows show directions of the Soviet advance. See also p. 523.
By courtesy of The Daily Telegraph

OF all the appointments, that of Air Chief Marshal Tedder to be deputy to General Eisenhower is perhaps the most interesting and significant. Ever since the fall of France it has been obvious that it would be impracticable to open a second front in western Europe except under cover of decisive air superiority, properly applied in closest combination with the Navy and Army; not merely during the initial landings but throughout the more critical stage in which the enemy's major counter-attacks may be expected. An immense degree of superiority is now assured, but in order to make the combined effect of sea, land and air effort irresistible it may be necessary for the air arm to forgo for a time what normally is the most effective role of its giant long-range aircraft. There almost certainly would be occasions on which interference with the movements of the enemy's reserves and with his communications would justify suspension of attacks on his armament industries.

To be fully effective, attacks on movements and communications require maximum concentration and continuity of action, otherwise the result produced is short lived. At Salerno, Tedder used every available aircraft to deal with the critical situation, and we may be confident he would not hesitate to do so again in operations on an immensely greater scale and in a more prolonged crisis. The opening of a second front will not have been fully achieved until the armies landed, in combination with the air as a single entity, are in a position to take the offensive. Before that stage is reached there may be much bitter defensive fighting.

RUSSIA The actual events of the last days of 1943 were immensely encouraging. In my last article I suggested that von Manstein's gambling counter-offensive in the Kiev bulge was in sight of a failure that might prove disastrous. I had in mind the possibility of a riposte by the Russians, similar to those delivered last winter against von Hoth's attempt to relieve von Paulus at Stalingrad and against the German offensive in the Kursk salient last summer. But I did not expect the riposte would come so quickly or with such devastating effect.

It was one of those occasions where it was sufficiently obvious that should the German offensive exhaust itself, there might be an opportunity for a counter-stroke. But the opportunity would not in reality exist unless the Russians were in a position to seize it promptly. And that, I thought, must be extremely doubtful; for it must be remembered that for some weeks they had been engaged in a desperate defensive battle which absorbed reserves as they arrived and made immense demands on supply services, handicapped by weather conditions and indifferent communications.

GENERAL EISENHOWER (facing camera) greeted by Gen. Montgomery when he arrived by plane recently at the 8th Army Tactical H.Q. in Italy. *Photo, British Official*

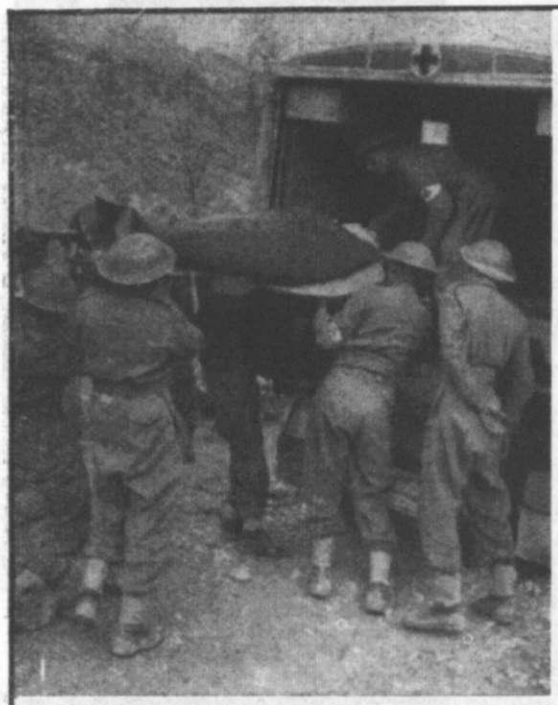
Clearly, immense credit must be given to Vatutin for using his reserves economically, and he must evidently, from the beginning of the defensive battle, have kept the possibility of a counter-stroke in view. But even more credit must, I think, be given to his administrative services, which, in spite of appalling difficulties, not only kept the defensive battle supplied, but built up the reserves of material without which a counter-stroke would have been impossible, however tempting the opening for it might appear. The days have passed in which the Russians could with justification be accused of lacking administrative and organizing capacity.

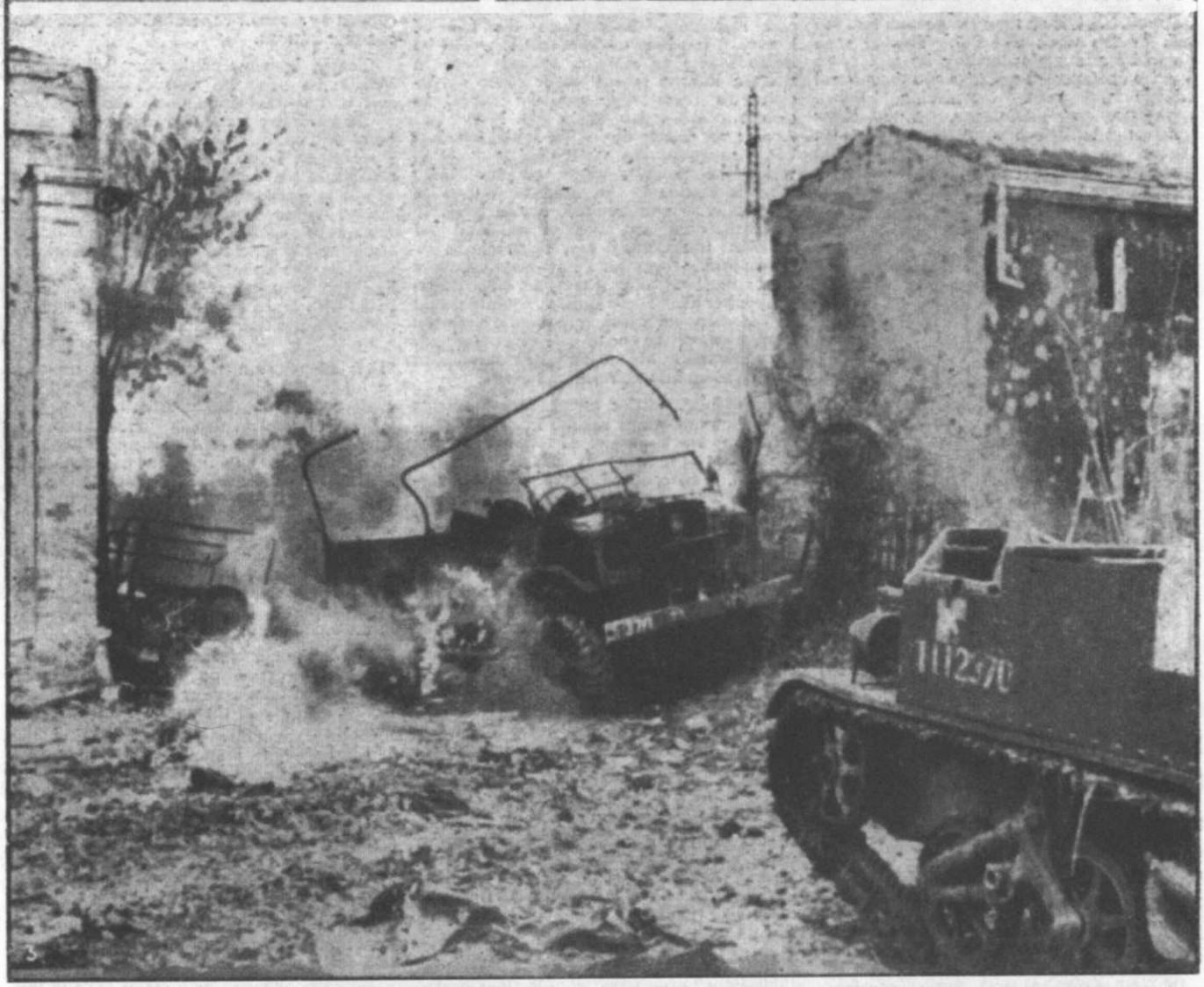
THE offensive north of the Pripet marshes has also gone amazingly well, and the great German bastion at Vitebsk stands, as I write, in imminent danger. Here again the Russians have shattered widely held expectations by breaking through the reputedly impregnable Todt defences under conditions which appeared to make it impracticable to use the heaviest weapons against them. It is evident that, both in attack and defence, the Russians have exploited the power of artillery to a degree never before reached; and it has been as the result of bold changes in organization adapted to the development in the technique of control of artillery fire.

But, although their artillery is probably the basic weapon on which their tactics rely, the Russians appear also to have shown great versatility in the employment of other weapons; adapting their methods to the actual problems presented by ground and weather conditions and the enemy's tactical dispositions. In contrast the Germans, in spite of their skill and high standard of training, seem increasingly to rely on text book methods which have become stereotyped.

In the bend of the Dnieper they are fighting hard to retain their position, but the counter-attacks they are delivering with great violence give little prospect of recovering ground of importance and must prove desperate expensive. If, as seems probable, the Russians renew their offensive on a major scale in this area when the freezing of the Dnieper presents them with new openings, the Germans may pay for a profligate use of their reserves.

Nazi Defence Line Key-town Falls to the 8th





REPORTED TO EQUAL THE FURY OF STALINGRAD, the struggle for Ortona, key-town to the enemy's Adriatic defence line, ended in triumph for the 8th Army on Dec. 28, 1943. Nazi suicide squads lowered tanks into house basements and fired the guns through windows ; nevertheless, yard by yard the Canadians advanced, whilst Bren carriers (3) battled through the wrecked streets. A stretcher case arrives at an advanced dressing station (1), and prisoners are brought in (2) over masses of rubble. See story in page 537.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

First Shells of a Fierce Barrage at Conca Casale

OPENING CHORUS of a hail of shells on the small Italian town of Conca Casale is watched by U.S. infantrymen of the 5th Army. Smoke of the first explosions rises from a German observation post tucked away among buildings smashed by previous bombardments. When the barrage lifts infantry will advance for the bayonet-point assault. Scene of this engagement is near Venafro, announced captured on Nov. 6, 1943, whence forces pushed on towards Cassino : by January 4, 1944 they had reached San Vittore, north of the road to Roma. *Photo, U.S. Official*

THE WAR AT SEA

by **Francis E. McMurtrie**

SELDOM has an enemy loss given greater satisfaction to the Royal Navy than the sinking of the Scharnhorst in a night action. It is not generally appreciated that she was the ship which, in company with the Gneisenau, destroyed the armed merchant cruiser Rawalpindi to the south-east of Iceland on November 23, 1939. At the time this was credited to the "pocket battleship" Deutschland (afterwards renamed Lützow) and another unidentified warship ; but it has since been fairly well established that the ships actually concerned were the two 26,000-ton battleships of the Scharnhorst class. Thus the odds against Rawalpindi were even heavier than originally supposed.

On June 8, 1940, the same two enemy battleships surprised the aircraft carrier Glorious while she was evacuating British planes from Northern Norway. The destroyers Ardent and Acasta, which were in company, did their best to protect her, but the odds were too great, and all three ships were sunk. As Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser was captain of the Glorious from May 1936 to December 1937 he must have felt peculiar satisfaction in putting an end to the career of the Scharnhorst. On two previous occasions the latter vessel was chased by British capital ships which failed to overtake her, evidence that her actual speed was considerably greater than the 27 knots for which she was officially supposed to have been designed.

ON April 9, 1940, the battle cruiser Renown, wearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Whitworth, was engaged for a short period with the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau off the Norwegian coast not far from Narvik, the former ship being hit at least once before she disappeared to the southward, a smoke screen laid by her consort covering the retreat. This brief action took place in a snowstorm, with a gale blowing, the opponents opening fire upon each other at a range of 18,000 yards.

Towards the end of 1940 the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau were sent out into the Atlantic to act as commerce destroyers. They seem to have confined their attentions to unescorted ships, but even so sank a good many. In March 1941 two which had been captured, the Bianca and San Casimiro, were intercepted with prize crews on board, who promptly scuttled both ships when H.M.S. Renown approached. On the afternoon of March 8, H.M.S. Malaya was escorting a north-bound convoy between the Canaries and the Cape Verde Islands, with a Swordfish aircraft scouting ahead. This plane sighted the two German battleships, and reported to the Malaya, which did her utmost to make contact. Every preparation was made to open fire at long range, but it proved impossible to bring them to action before dark.

A little over a fortnight later the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau took refuge in Brest, in which port they were blockaded for nearly a year. Their sensational dash up Channel and through the Dover Straits on their way back to Germany in February 1942 was less successful than it seemed at the time, for the Gneisenau has never been to sea since. It is believed she received such structural damage from British torpedoes during the passage that she has had to be completely rebuilt.

INTO a Trap the Scharnhorst Sailed from Altenfjord

It may be inferred that on December 26, 1943, the Scharnhorst fell into a skilfully baited trap. On how many previous occasions our convoys had passed round the north of Norway in tempting fashion without evoking interference from the German Navy is not known ; but last month the hours of darkness were at their maximum, and the opportunity must have seemed to the enemy too good to be missed. When the Scharnhorst sailed from the Altenfjord (where her crippled consort, the Tirpitz, is still lying) she is reported to have been accompanied by a flotilla of destroyers ; but these were not with her when she was sighted by the convoy escort. A westerly wind of almost gale force appears to have been blowing, and it may be presumed that the destroyers found the head sea that confronted them when they emerged from the shelter of the islands fringing the coast to be more than they could face. Thus the Scharnhorst had to proceed without her protecting screen of destroyers.

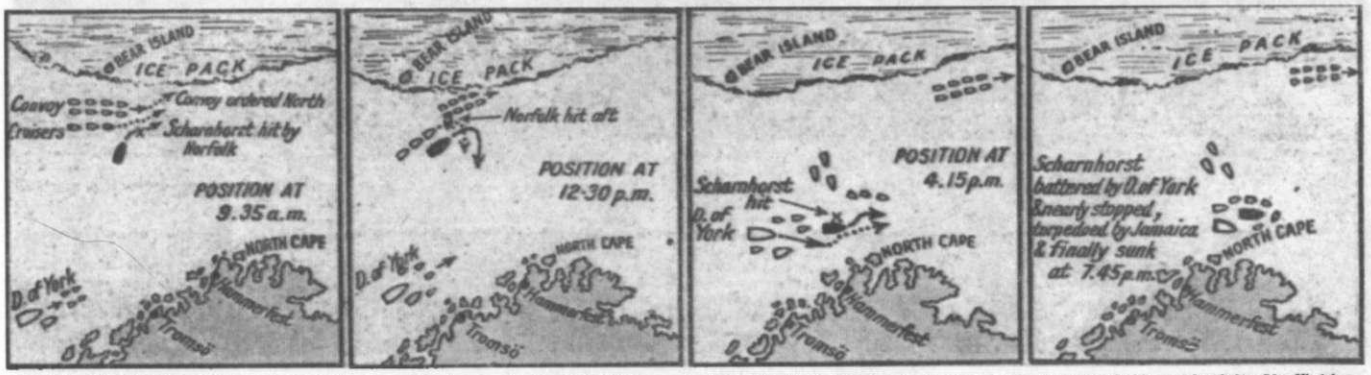
At 9.35 a.m. the cruisers Belfast (flagship of Vice-Admiral R. L. Burnett), Norfolk, and Sheffield, which were protecting the convoy on its starboard flank, sighted the Scharnhorst in what is well described as "the half-light of an Arctic dawn." Fire was at once opened on the intruder, which was hit by an 8-in. shell from the Norfolk, the guns of the other two cruisers being of 6-in. calibre. Though her main armament comprised nine 11-inch guns, the Scharnhorst did not stay to fight it out, but disappeared to the north-eastward at high speed. No more was seen of her until 12.30 p.m., by which time it was getting dark. Another exchange of gunfire took place, H.M.S. Norfolk being hit aft, but again the Scharnhorst evaded closer contact, turning south towards the Norwegian coast.

In the meantime another British formation under the immediate command of Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, with his flag in the battleship Duke of York, had been moving up from the south-westward. At about 4.15 the Scharnhorst was sighted ahead of the Duke of York, which at once altered course to bring her broadside to bear, and obtained a hit almost at once. In view of the fact that the enemy can only have been seen by the light afforded by star shell, this must be reckoned extraordinarily good shooting by the Duke of York's 14-in. guns. The Scharnhorst turned first north and then east, hoping to get out of range before she could be hit again ; but a shell from the Duke of York entered below the waterline, slowing her up.

Capt. J. HUGHES HALLETT, D.S.O., R.N. (left) of H.M.S. Jamaica, whose torpedoes finished off the Scharnhorst. Right, Cmdr. M. D. C. Meyrick, D.S.O., R.N., led destroyers to the attack.
Photos, Bassano, Daily Mirror

THIS also gave the opportunity for a torpedo attack by two divisions of destroyers, comprising the four new sister ships Savage, Saumarez, Scorpion, and Stord (the last-named belonging to the Royal Norwegian Navy) ; the Matchless and Musketeer, both of 1,920 tons, the Opportune and the Virago, of which no particulars have been published. All have been completed since war began. Three torpedoes are believed to have hit the Scharnhorst, whose plight thus became desperate. Closing the range, the Duke of York opened a destructive fire that within about 20 minutes had reduced the enemy ship to a blazing wreck. H.M.S. Jamaica, a cruiser which was in company with the Duke of York, was then ordered to sink her with torpedoes, and she disappeared at 7.45 p.m. There were only 36 survivors.

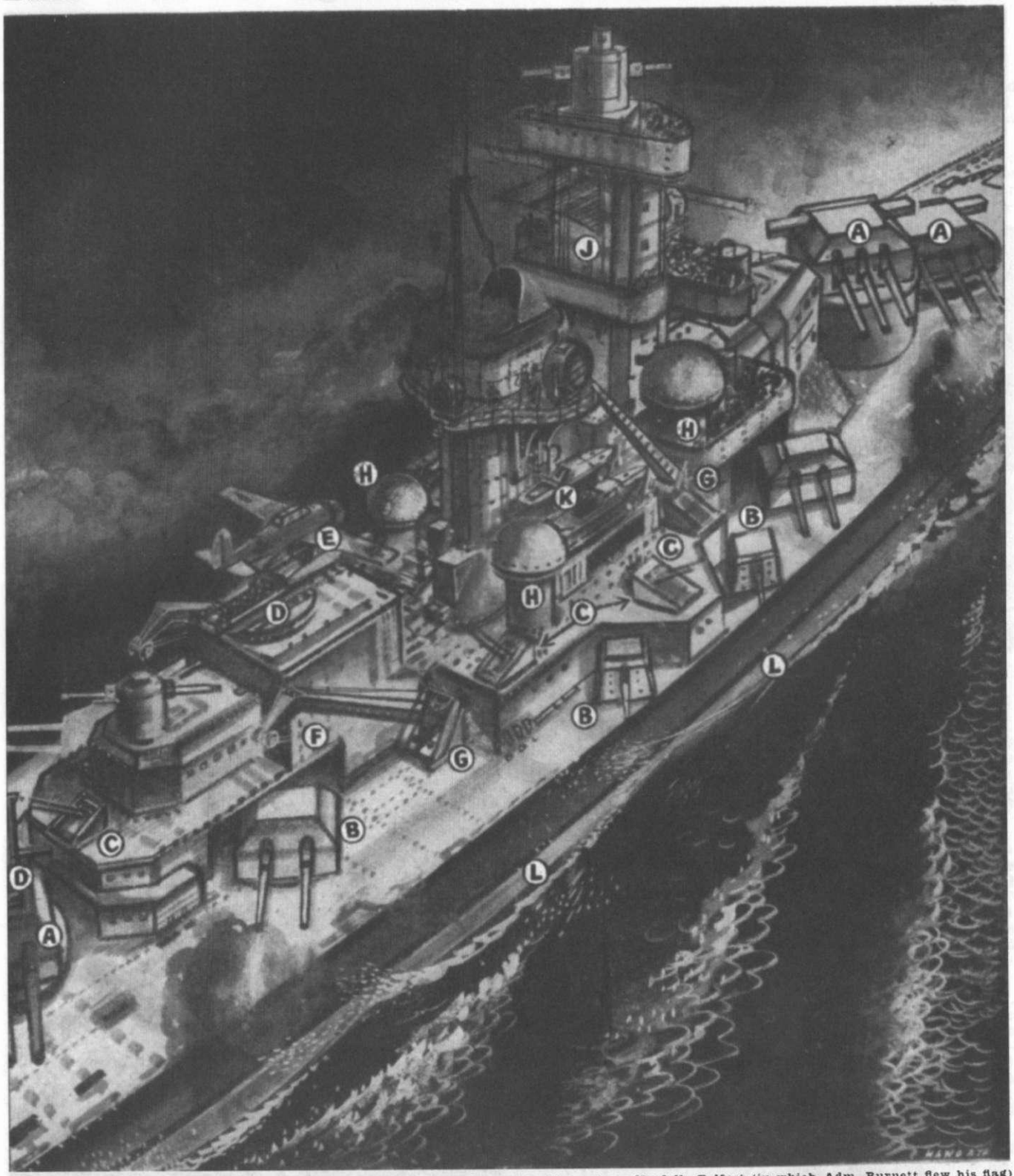
Apart from the hope of intercepting a convoy with valuable munitions for Russia, the Scharnhorst's sortie was probably undertaken with the object of strengthening the morale of the German Navy, which has suffered seriously from the effect of spending long months in harbour far from home. Its disastrous termination must have produced precisely the opposite effect, besides advertising to the world the ineffectiveness of German arms at sea. This bad impression was heightened two days later by the complete rout of German forces in the Bay of Biscay (see pp. 532, 540) by H.M.S. Glasgow and Enterprise, and aircraft of Coastal Command, three out of 11 enemy destroyers being sunk.



SINKING OF THE SCHARNHORST, phase by phase : (l. to r.) at 9.35 a.m. on Dec. 26, 1943, convoy turns north as cruisers Belfast, Norfolk, Sheffield, open fire on the German battleship, which is hit by Norfolk ; at 12.30 p.m., after again having tried to close with convoy, and Norfolk being hit, Scharnhorst turns south ; at 4.15 p.m. the Duke of York, accompanied by Jamaica and destroyers, registers a hit. Pursued, Scharnhorst is pounded by the Duke of York at 7 p.m., and at 7.45 sinks after attack by Jamaica. **See facing page and p. 520.**

By courtesy of The Daily Telegraph

This Was the Scharnhorst: Late of Hitler's Navy



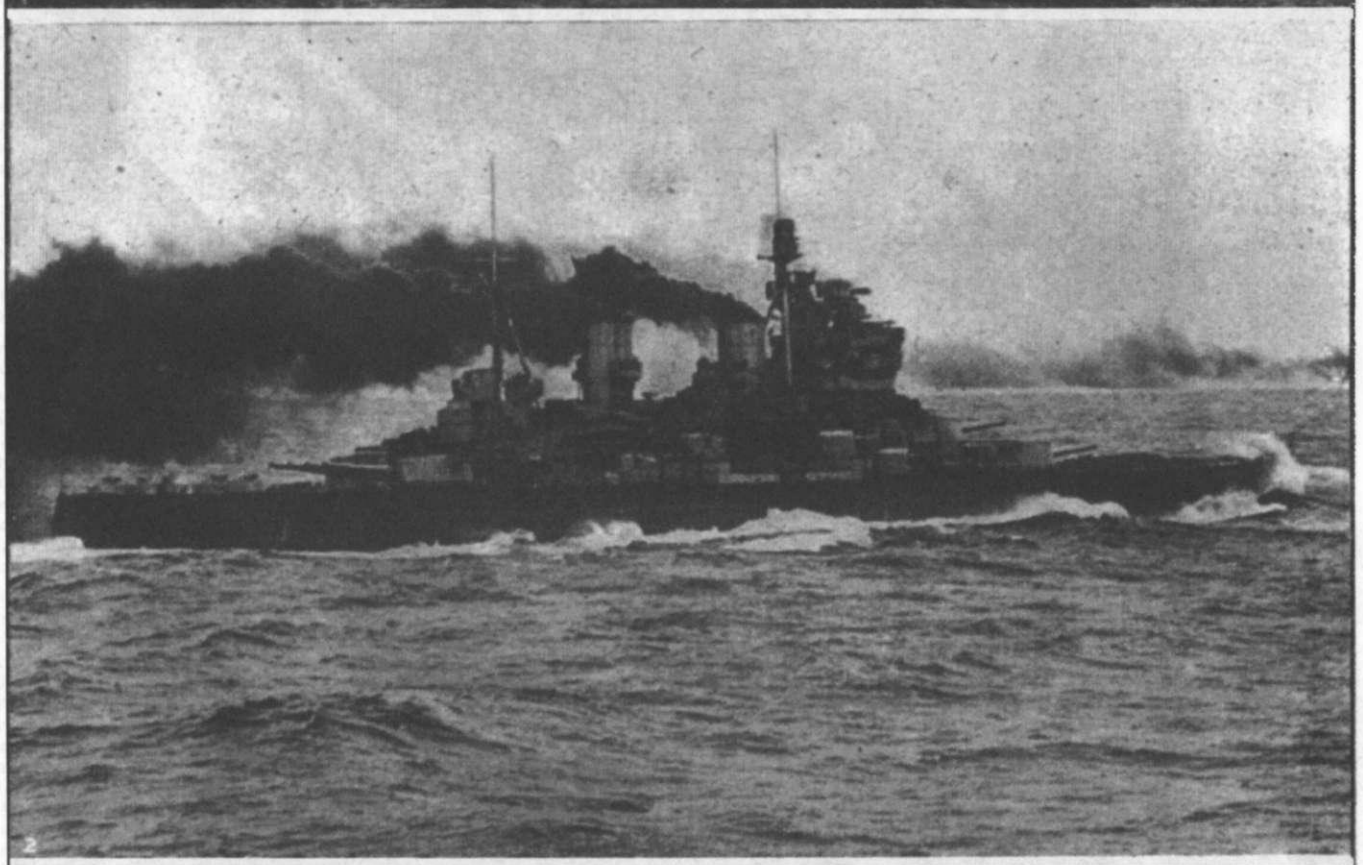
AFTER A 12-HOUR CHASE IN ARCTIC GLOOM the 26,000-ton German battleship Scharnhorst, enticed from her lair in Altenfjord, Northern Norway, by the sight of a Russia-bound convoy, was trapped and encircled by Home Fleet units and sunk off the North Cape on Dec. 26, 1943 (see pages 518 and 520). Launched in 1936, she bore the name of the founder of the Prussian Army and of a cruiser sunk at the Battle of the Falklands, Dec. 8, 1914. Like her sister ship, the Gneisenau (now under complete reconstruction), Scharnhorst carried a complement of 1,461; her length at the waterline was 741 ft. 6 ins., beam 98 ft. 6 ins., draught 28 ft. 8 ins. Armament consisted of nine 11-in. guns, twelve 5·9-in., fourteen 4·1-in., and sixteen 37-mm. A.A. guns; four aircraft and two launching catapults.

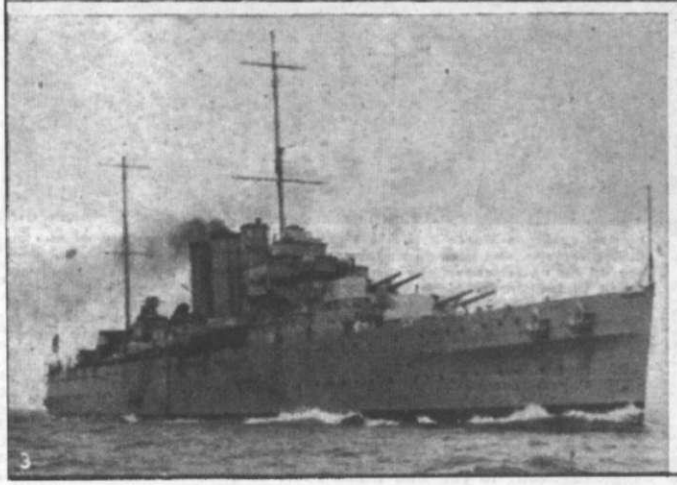
Details in the above drawing show (A) main armament of 11-in. guns; (B) secondary armament of 5·9-in. guns; (C) 4·1-in. A.A. guns; (D) catapults; (E) reconnaissance aircraft and (F) aircraft hangar; (G) cranes; (H) range-finding towers; (J) fighting tower; (K) ship's boats; (L) 12-in. belt of armour amidships.

Interception of the Scharnhorst by Vice-Adm. R. L. Burnett, commanding the 10th Cruiser Squadron, opened the action. Engaged by the cruisers Norfolk, Belfast (in which Adm. Burnett flew his flag) and Sheffield, she was forced under the guns of Duke of York, which scored an underwater hit. This slowed her up and enabled a destroyer force under Cmdr. M. D. C. Meyrick, R.N., in the Savage, to reach a position in which they could attack. Shortly afterwards Musketeer, Matchless, Opportune and Virago attacked. Damage inflicted enabled the Duke of York to close the range. "I was able to observe definite hits, which showed dull red glows," said Paymaster Lieut. T. B. Homan, R.N., later. "The enemy appeared to be slowly circling, and a cloud of thick smoke was hanging over her." The cruiser Jamaica delivered her torpedoes, and then, "It only remained to carry out a search for survivors," said Adm. Sir Bruce Fraser, C.-in-C. Home Fleet, "and this resulted in Matchless picking up six and Scorpion 30 from the sea." To the C.-in-C. Mr. Churchill sent the message: "Heartiest congratulations to you and Home Fleet on your brilliant action. All comes to him who knows how to wait." Awards in connexion with the action include the K.B.E. for Adm. Burnett, and the D.S.O. for Cmdr. Meyrick.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth*

They Rounded-up the Scharnhorst for the Kill





FIRST HIT OF THE BATTLE which resulted in the sinking of the Scharnhorst (1) was scored by the 8-in. guns of the 9,925-ton cruiser Norfolk (3), Capt. D. K. Bain, awarded D.S.O. Closing in for the kill, the 35,000-ton Duke of York (2), flagship of Adm. Sir Bruce Fraser (see illus. page 543), crashed salvo after salvo from her ten 14-in. guns into the trapped enemy, which was sent to the bottom by the torpedos of the 8,000-ton cruiser Jamaica (4), Capt. J. Hughes-Hallett, awarded D.S.O. See also pages 518, 519, 540.

Photos, British Official; P. A. Vicary

Air Battles Higher Than Man Has Yet Fought

Pilots are testing the possibilities of aerial combat and bomber flight more than seven miles above the surface of the earth. JOHN FROMANTEEL explains this latest grim phase in the duel for air supremacy, with all the known and unknown perils to be faced by the pioneers who are not hesitating to prepare the way. See also story in page 221.

"PATROL base at 35,000 feet," said the controller. "Patrol base at 35,000 feet." Then he had abruptly cut off. Now the lone fighter-recco aircraft is circling in great sweeps ten miles across, and all that the onlooker from the ground can see is its line white trail. The aircraft itself is out of sight, heading for the stratosphere.

Far below, nearly six miles down, a thick floor of cloud hides the earth. It is not long past dawn, and where the light of the half moon touches the peaks of swirling vapour they are tipped with silver, and long shadows lie along the valleys.

The lone pilot is an advance guard of the fighters that will soon patrol the skies, not only in the stratosphere but even in the troposphere, seven miles above the earth's surface. "The reason for going ever higher," an aircraft designer tells me, "is that air battles cannot be as decisive at 10,000 and 15,000 feet, where they have been fought since the war began."

Our technical superiority depends upon the ability to fly high. If bombers can fly at 35,000 feet at speeds of over 300 miles an hour with full bomb load, they will not only be practically immune from night attack en route to their targets but should also be able to raid in daylight. Our fighters, too, must be able to fly high to counter the enemy in the six- and seven-mile troposphere limits which they are trying to make their own. We have good reason to believe that under Prof. Messerschmitt the Germans have made great strides in high flying, particularly in their fighters and fighter-bombers. German fighters have been encountered above 35,000 feet. In the grim fight to retain technical superiority in the air they constitute a real menace.

"IT is difficult enough to build an aircraft which will fly in the troposphere," says this aircraft designer. "But it is even harder to train a breed of pilots who can live and work at such a height, even if they fly in oxygen suits or in pressure-cabins like a flying submarine." The chief obstacles to troposphere flying are cold, "aeromebolism" (a mild form of diver's "bends," caused through pressure changing) and altitude sickness. The greatest is altitude sickness—oxygen starvation.

At 25,000 feet death results in about 20 minutes if an oxygen mask fails. And oxygen masks are effective only up to about 36,000 feet. Even the best pilot, with the best apparatus, reaches the ceiling of safe human flight around 38,000 feet. Strangest symptom of this troposphere altitude sickness is the victim's unawareness of peril. In fact with some pilots the more severe the attack the better they feel—for a time; and aeromedical experts are still struggling to discover why this is so.

The classic account of the results of exposure to troposphere altitude was written nearly 70 years ago by the French meteorologist Tissandier. With two companions he made a balloon ascent. They had oxygen but, feeling fine, failed to use it in time. Tissandier's companions died.

He wrote of his experiences: "I now come to the fateful moment when we were overcome by the terrible action of reduced air pressure. At 22,900 feet torpor had seized me. I wrote, nevertheless, though I have no clear recollection of writing. At 24,600 feet the torpor that overcomes one is extraordinary. But there is no suffering, nor thought of danger. On the contrary, one feels a sort of inward joy. At 26,000 feet I felt so weak I could not even turn my head. I wanted to call out, but my tongue was paralyzed. All at once I fell down powerless and lost all further memory."

The inexorable limit of man's endurance can best be understood by considering the cocoon of atmosphere that surrounds our globe to a depth of about 100 miles. At sea-level the 14.7-lb. per sq. in. pressure drives oxygen through the walls of the lungs and into the blood-stream for distribution in the body. But as altitude increases pressure drops, and in the troposphere not even breathing 100 per cent oxygen will save the pilot.

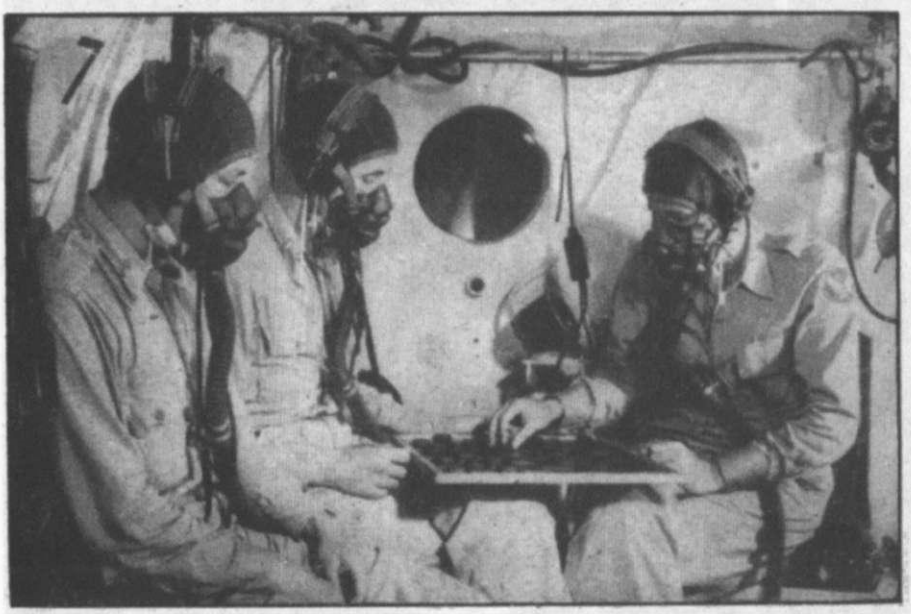
PILOT'S REACTIONS are checked by doctor and nurse as he leaves the pressure chamber after a "descent" from a high "flight." Health of crews engaged in very high flying is safeguarded by tests in such artificially produced conditions of rarefied atmosphere, as briefly explained below. *Photo, Sport & General*

LACK of pressure has other effects. Formation of bubbles of nitrogen begins in the spinal fluid at 18,000 feet, and in the blood at 30,000 feet. This is the "aeromebolism"—resembling the "bends" which afflict tunnel workers and divers from the opposite cause—and is the result of too great blood pressure. If the pilot doesn't come down out of the troposphere when first attacked, aeromebolism may cause paralysis and even death.

Another effect of low pressure is that the gases in the pilot's stomach and intestines expand and may cause severe cramp. Troposphere pilots are put on a special diet of foods that are non gas-forming. There is also the risk that bloating will force the diaphragm upward against the heart and cause fainting.

Pressure-chamber tests are made with all pilots who want to try seven-mile-high flying—the present limit reached for troposphere work. There is a telephone headset inside the dome-shaped chamber, and the pilot is encouraged to keep talking while the air pressure is cut down.

"That's how it feels at 35,000 . . . at 38,000 . . ." jabbers on the pressure operator, and the pilot—who can be seen through a double plate-glass window—keeps on talking. The pressure has to be brought back so slowly that it takes nearly eight minutes—and if the pilot stopped talking suddenly through the "bends" it would be too late to save his life.



GAME OF DRAUGHTS is played—to show how comfortable they are—by these pilots using oxygen apparatus in the pressure chamber (on the ground) in which breathing would otherwise be extremely difficult if not impossible, because the air has been purposely "thinned" to reproduce high-flying conditions *Photo, U.S. Official*

Czech-Soviet Mutual Aid Pact Signed in Moscow

AT THE KREMLIN, on Dec. 12, 1943, was signed the Czech-Soviet treaty "of amity, mutual aid and collaboration after the war"; watched by (4, r. to l.) Marshal Stalin, Dr. Benes, President Kalinin, and Marshal Voroshilov, M. Molotov adds his signature.

Dr. Benes arrived in the Soviet capital (1) on Dec. 11; r. to l., the Czech President, Marshal Voroshilov, M. Molotov, M. Lozovsky. (2) Dr. Benes (left) is seen with Marshal Stalin, and later (3, second from r.) he inspects a captured German mortar. During his visit he stated: "The day of retribution will come, and our much-suffering peoples will have won a new solid and lasting peace." M. Molotov replied: "Our Army is fighting for all peoples under the yoke of German occupation."

Photos, Pictorial Press

Russians Smash on Over the 1939 Polish Frontier

CAPTURE OF ZHITOMIR on Dec. 31, 1943 by troops of the First Ukrainian Army under Gen. Vatutin followed the forcing of a 180-mile wide breach in the Kiev bulge, in which 8 enemy tank divisions, including the Adolf Hitler and Reich divisions, and 14 infantry divisions, were routed. Above, a Soviet anti-tank unit in action. Below, Zhitomir occupied by German infantry before the big push which carried the Russians, by Jan. 6, 1944, 12 miles across the 1939 Polish frontier.

Photos, Pictorial Press, Planet News

Just Who Is Fighting Whom In Yugoslavia?

Always the Balkans have had a reputation for fierce politics and bloody strife, and today, as is described in this article by E. ROYSTON PIKE, the cauldron is once again boiling over. General Mihailovitch and his Chetniks were the subject of an article in p. 499, Vol. 6; and reference should also be made to pp. 342-343; p. 222, Vol. 5; and pp. 386 and 470, Vol. 4.

ARE you for General Mihailovitch or for Marshal Tito? This is the question that is being put to the Yugoslavs, both inside their country and outside it. A thousand pities that it should be so, when Yugoslavia is still squirming beneath the Nazi boot. One would have thought that a common oppressor would have made all Yugoslavs brothers. But in the Balkans old memories are a long time dying, ancient feuds poison the lives of new generations, jealousies and rivalries are the very body and spirit of politics. Yugoslavia is a very young country, we should remember; and in the earlier part of its brief life of little more than twenty years it was known officially not as Yugoslavia but as the Triune Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. In those three words lie the roots of the present tragedy.

The new state that was brought into being in 1919 was predominantly Serb, for it was built around the old kingdom of Serbia which, after being overrun by the Germans in 1915, had a glorious resurrection in the great and victorious company of the Allies three years later. The throne was occupied by the royal family of Serbia, the political generals were nearly all Serbs, the governing classes were Serb. From the very beginning the Croats and Slovenes complained bitterly of their subordination; particularly the Croats, who had for many years boasted of a material culture far superior to that of their new fellow-citizens whose headquarters were in Belgrade. The fact that the Croats are Catholics while the Serbs are Greek Orthodox in religion was another barrier to a full and proper understanding.

FOR years the struggle between the races continued within the Yugoslav state. The Croats demanded a measure of home rule, but the Serbs turned a deaf ear to every suggestion of local autonomy, and intensified their policy of centralization. So bitter was the conflict that the parliamentary regime collapsed under the strain. The Croat leader, Stephan Raditch, and his brother were shot dead in the Yugoslav parliament by a Serb M.P. in 1928, and in the following year King Alexander made himself dictator, ruling with firm ruthlessness and suppressing all opposition, both racial and democratic, until in 1934 he, too, was murdered—as he was driving down a street in Marseilles. The assassin was a Croat, a member of a terrorist organization known as the Ustachis and led by one Pavelitch. Alexander's son Peter, a boy of eleven, was proclaimed king, but Prince Paul, Alexander's brother, was regent, and under him the old warfare of Serb and Croat went on.

For a brief moment in the spring of 1941 the men of every race seemed to remember that they were Yugoslavs before everything else. Paul was kicked out because of his truckling to the Axis, and young Peter assumed the royal power. But the pitifully weak army of the little country was no match for von List's panzers, and in a fortnight the country was overrun. Then the old divisions bore horrible fruit. Yugoslavia was dismembered. Much of Slovenia went to Italy; Croatia was proclaimed a kingdom, under Italian protection, and Pavelitch and his gangsters indulged in an orgy of brutality and murder; while as for Serbia, it was reduced to its old-time limits and in Belgrade the Serb general Neditch ruled as a Nazi quisling.

This is where General Mihailovitch comes in. He, too, was a Serb, but no quisling. He played a gallant part in the open war of April 1941, and then and for some time afterwards he maintained armed resistance on a considerable scale against the invaders. Chetniks (patriots) his men were called, and they made themselves a nuisance to the Nazis. And to the Italians too? That is not quite so certain. The General's foes—and he has many—declare that after a while he came to an understanding with the Italians (who may have been jealous of their German allies) and received from them arms and stores. With these (so it is alleged) he waged war not so much against the Germans as against the Croats and the bands of nationalist fighters who were now coming into prominence under the name of Partisans.

From the first—from, that is, the autumn of 1941—it was widely believed that the Partisans were Communists, receiving not only their inspiration but something much more tangible from Moscow. Whatever the source of their arms, they knew how to use them; and such was their policy of continuous aggression that before long they constituted the head and spear of Yugoslav resistance.

Their leader was a mysterious figure whose name was not made known for a long time; and then it was not at once revealed that "Marshal Tito" was Josif Broz, a Croat workingman of 53 who deserted the Austrian army in 1915 (like so many more of the Austrian Slavs), spent two years in Russian prison-camps, joined the Red Army and fought in the Civil War, and then, returning to his own country, became a trade union leader. Five years in a Balkan prison did not break his health or his spirit. Broz went underground and sapped and mined at the foundations of Alexander's dictatorship. He had a part—how big we do not know—in the Spanish Civil War, and what he learnt in Spain has evidently profited him since he became a leader, soon *the* leader, of the Partisans.

Today he is reported to have an army of 200,000 men under him, as compared with a tenth of that number left to Mihailovitch. This figure is probably greatly exaggerated, but it is stated that Tito is at present occupying twelve Axis divisions. His forces are known as the National Army of Liberation and the Partisan Detachments of Yugoslavia: the former being troops organized on the model of a continental army, while the latter are guerillas, civilians one day and doughty warriors the next.

Brig. F. H. R. MACLEAN, M.P. (left), is Tito's right-hand man and leader of the British military mission in Yugoslavia. Marshal Tito (right), Yugoslav leader and commander of the National Army of Liberation and the Partisan Detachments, in Dec. 1943 set up his own Council and thus aroused the antipathy of the Royal Yugoslav Government in Cairo.
Photos, Universal Pictorial Press, The Daily Mail

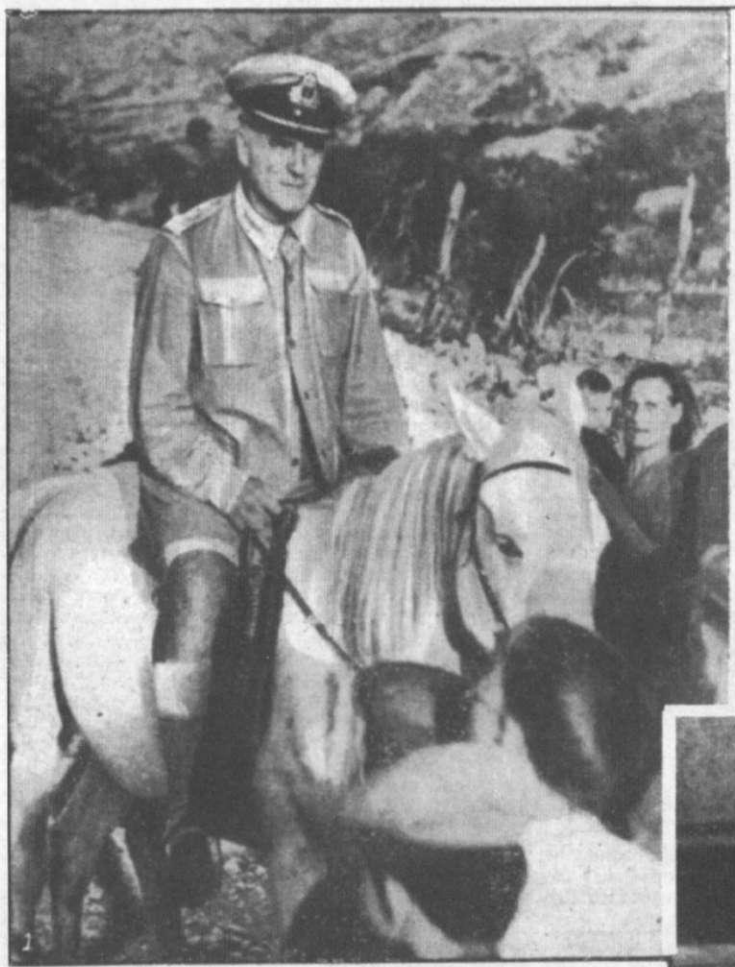
So successful has Marshal Tito been that he has been recognized by the Allies, on Dec. 22, 1943, as a comrade-in-arms. As long ago as last spring a British military mission, under the leadership of Brigadier F. H. R. Maclean, M.P., was sent to him in his mountain fastness, and military aid has also been rendered on the largest scale possible.

BUT unfortunately Marshal Tito is not persona grata with all the Yugoslavs. To the government-in-exile in Cairo his name is like a red rag to a bull, and we have had the decidedly unpleasant spectacle of the Cairo royalists denouncing Tito and his followers as "impostors, brazenly attacking the legal monarchy," and claiming that for two and a half years the Serbs have continued the struggle alone, and have sacrificed more lives in proportion to their population than Russia; while Tito for his part has set up a National Council of Liberation, which has forbidden King Peter to return to Yugoslavia until after its complete liberation, when the question of the monarchy will be reconsidered, and has accused Mihailovitch of organizing the mass extermination of Moslems, Croats, and Serbian patriots with the aim of creating a "Greater Serbia."

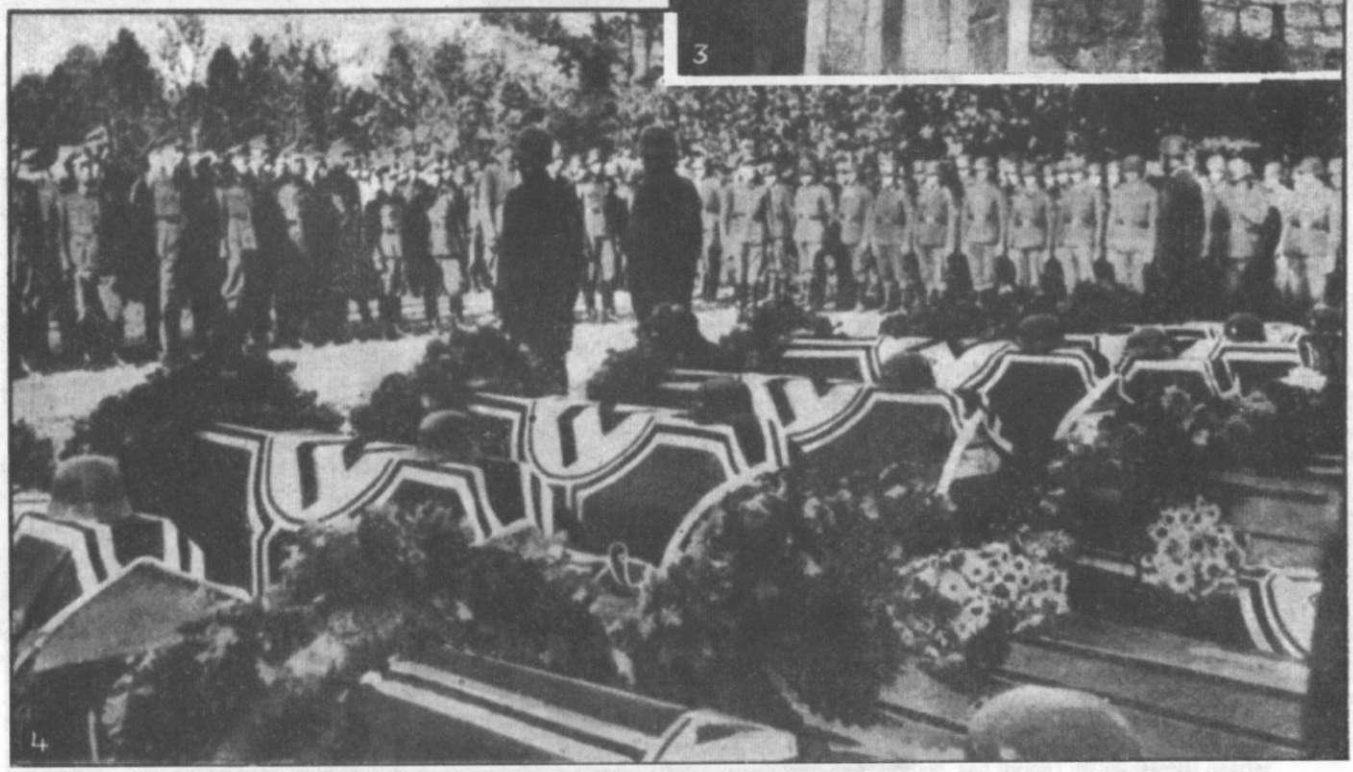
All this is very confusing, and much of it is deplorable. Britain and her allies are openly supporting Tito in the field, while still extending diplomatic recognition to King Peter's Government in Cairo. Such a situation cannot endure for long.

KING PETER II OF YUGOSLAVIA greets officers of the Royal Yugoslav Guard; he is shaking hands with the Brigadier. On extreme left is Gen. Zivkovitch, Yugoslav C.-in-C. and a former premier under King Alexander. *Photo, British Official*

Here Under Tito's Banner Yugoslavs are Free



YUGOSLAV PARTISANS, under Marshal Tito (see facing page), now control a large part of the Dalmatian coast. When a British ship called at a Dalmatian port, the crew journeyed through wild country to visit Tito's H.Q.; led by one of their officers (1), they were cheered by village children (2) wearing national youth badges. On a house wall (3) a slogan reads: "Long Live Brother Stalin." After a Nazi raid on the Partisans 24 German soldiers were killed, and were accorded by the invaders a "heroes' funeral" (4) in Belgrade. *Photos, British Official; Keystone*



Non-Belligerent Turkey in the Allied Camp

Implications of Turkey's friendliness to the Allies are weighed by SYED EDRIS ALI SHAH; he examines the possibilities of her active participation in the war—unity and understanding having been achieved in the three-day conference at Cairo, December 1943, between her President, Ismet Inönü, President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. See also pages 527-530.

WHEN the Turkish Foreign Minister agreed with newspapermen who suggested that Turkey could be said to have entered the Allied Camp "without being belligerent," he expressed the whole truth. For Turkey all along has had decided leanings towards the cause for which the United Nations are fighting. And at this point of the war it is pertinent to consider what the value of Turkish help to the Allies might be, and its nature.

First of all, we must look at Turkey's technical position in this conflict. Under what circumstances would she actively line up with the other democracies, and are there any treaties binding her with the Allies? Turkey has, since the 1914-18 war, stood for stability in all political affairs, both internal and international. She was the instigator of the Balkan Entente, and a signatory of the Saadabad Pact between Iran, Iraq, and Turkey and Afghanistan. She has a pact of friendship with Russia.

But perhaps most important of all is her Treaty of Mutual Assistance with Britain. This pact, signed in 1939, with France as the third party, provided for full mutual assistance between the contracting parties. Why then, it may be asked, did the Turks not join the Western Democracies during the first few years of this war? International treaties of this type have always to be considered in the light of the circumstances prevailing at the moment when they should become operative; as it happened, the Allies did not press the Turks to discharge their obligations at the beginning of the war. The Turkish Army was not fully equipped, and was certainly unprepared for aerial attack. Even today the Turks cannot fight unless they are guaranteed adequate supplies of arms and ammunition regularly, as well as fighter and bomber support. At one time Britain was unable to provide this aid; thus Turkey waited until she should be able to throw into battle a force worthy of her traditions.

The Turkish Government might decide to give certain concessions to Britain, short of actually entering the war, much as has been done by Portugal. Many advantages could accrue from this, chief of which are the following: firstly, access to the Black Sea, which would stop the German transports and ammunition ships plying through the Dardanelles, to and from the Aegean. By this route, as well as overland through the Anatolian mainland, Allied war material and supplies could travel to Russia.

Secondly, European Turkey could be used as the bridgehead for the invasion of South-Eastern Europe: from here, United Nations troops, with air support from the Turkish mainland, could assail Hitler's back door by way of Bulgaria and Greece, forming part of the Russian advance from the East. In this way the Dodecanese could be overwhelmed by that superior air power which was not available to complete the conquest of Cos and Leros; such support would certainly prove decisive here. The British and United States troops now in Italy might cross the Adriatic to link up with the guerilla forces of Albania and Yugoslavia, and form the third prong of the drive to eject Germany from the Balkans.

LASTLY, there are the Turkish Armed Forces, if she decided on complete participation in the war. The Turkish Army comprises at least 25 Infantry Field Divisions, three Cavalry Divisions, such as the Russians have used with great success, and one Armoured Brigade. The active strength of this force is half a million, which expands to over two millions on mobilization. The Turkish Air Force a year ago consisted of 36 squadrons, since when it has been expanded and largely re-equipped with Hurricanes. The Navy includes eight modern destroyers, thirteen submarines, and the refitted battle-cruiser Yavuz, formerly the German Goeben.

Against this Turkish force, and the Anglo-American-Russian troops that would be fighting with it, let us consider what the Germans can muster. There are probably eighteen German Divisions in the Balkans at present. In addition, there are the armies of the second-class satellites: the Bulgars have 25 divisions, the traitor Croats (Ustashis) have three or four, and the Rumanians about twelve. Although the nearest Allied bases are 1,200 miles away in Syria, and the Syria-Iskenderun (Alexandretta) railway would cut this to 800 miles, by the time Turkey joined in the Allies would have considerable forces massed within striking distance.

The Dodecanese would have to be cleaned up quickly, as the Luftwaffe would be using them as air bases for attack upon the Turkish shipping, harbour installations and communications, as well as troop concentrations and open towns. As soon as hostilities broke out, the Germans would try to forestall the Thracian bridgehead by over-running Thrace, and possibly Asiatic Turkey as well. Within Bulgaria, most likely place to become a battleground, all seems to be confusion. In March 1941 German troops first used her territory as a base of operations against Russia. In December 1941 Bulgaria became an enemy of Britain and the United States. But she is not yet officially at war with Russia, and diplomatic connexions have not been severed. By lining up with the Axis, Bulgaria was given slices of Yugoslavia and Greece, while the astute Boris sat on the throne in Sofia, juggling with his Axis masters to keep out of the fighting as much as possible.

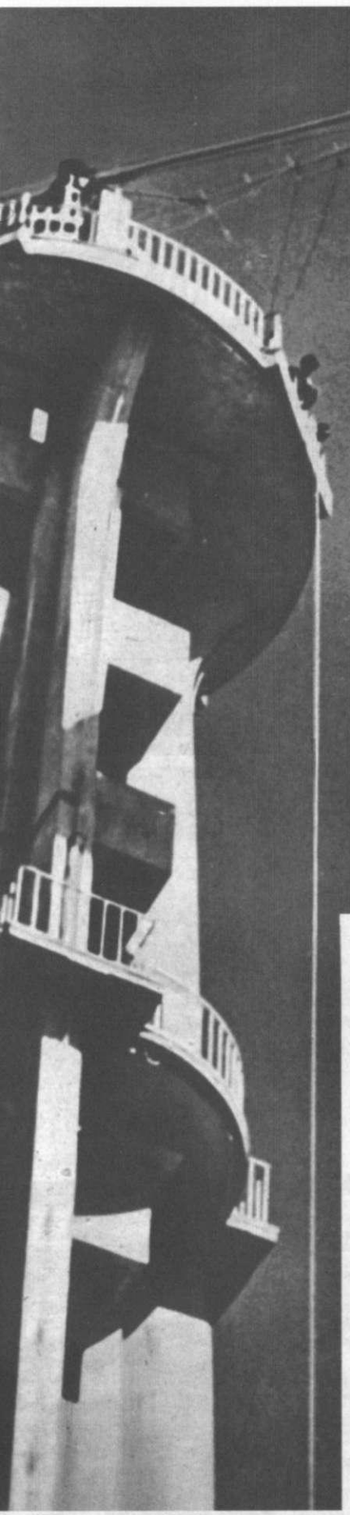
SINCE the death of King Boris, however, the position has been steadily deteriorating, and the present Bulgar Government is completely in Germany's pocket. Her army of half a million, however, is intact, having only to fight the Greek and Yugoslav guerilla forces; and Bulgaria trembles at the thought of the approach of the death-knell of her imperialistic ambitions. However much the quisling Bulgar leaders may play the tune about "traditional Turko-Bulgar friendship," Turkey is not in the least deceived. Yes, Turkey is ready and willing to pull her weight in the struggle against evil; and when the time comes—and it is not far off—when they are asked to share the burden the heirs of Ataturk will prove themselves fully equal to the task.

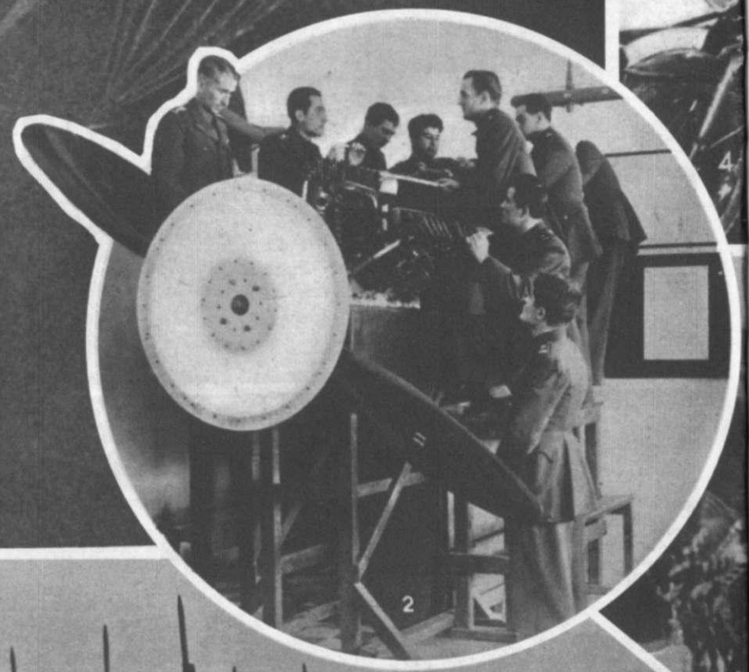
BRITISH PLANES are helping to swell Turkey's Air Force; above, a Turkish pilot adjusts his parachute before taking off in a British-built Bisley. Headed by Gen. Omurtak a Turkish military mission recently visited the British Mediterranean Battle Fleet; right, Gen. Omurtak (2nd from right) inspects the flagship. *Pholos, British Official; Central Press*

Photos, Paul Popper, W. Bosshard, New York Times Photos

Ataturk Still Dominates His Capital

In the forecourt of the Turkish People's House in Ankara (formerly Angora) stands the commanding figure of the late Kemal Ataturk (top left) who, as Turkey's first President, guided the new republic to her place among the modern democracies. He had great regard for his Premier and successor—the present President, Ismet Inönü. Affairs of government are conducted from Ankara, capital since 1923; (top right) view from railway station, and (below) the Ministerial quarter.

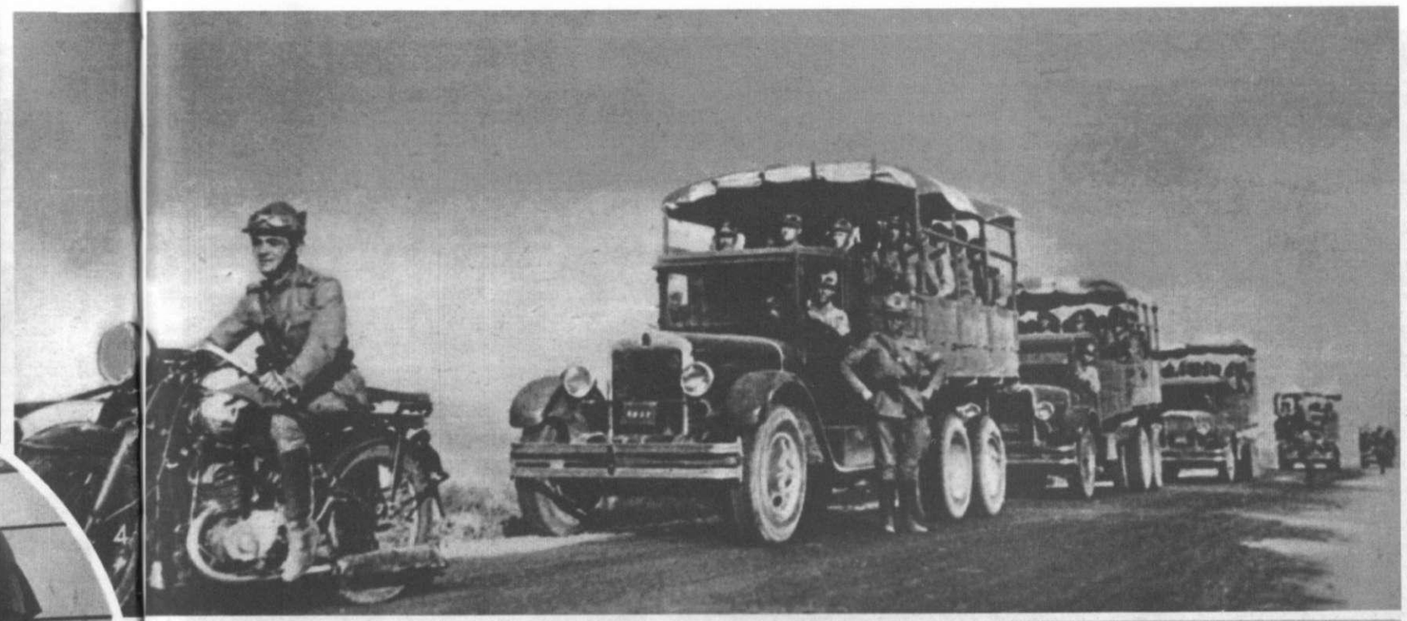




As Echoes of War Resound on Her Frontiers—

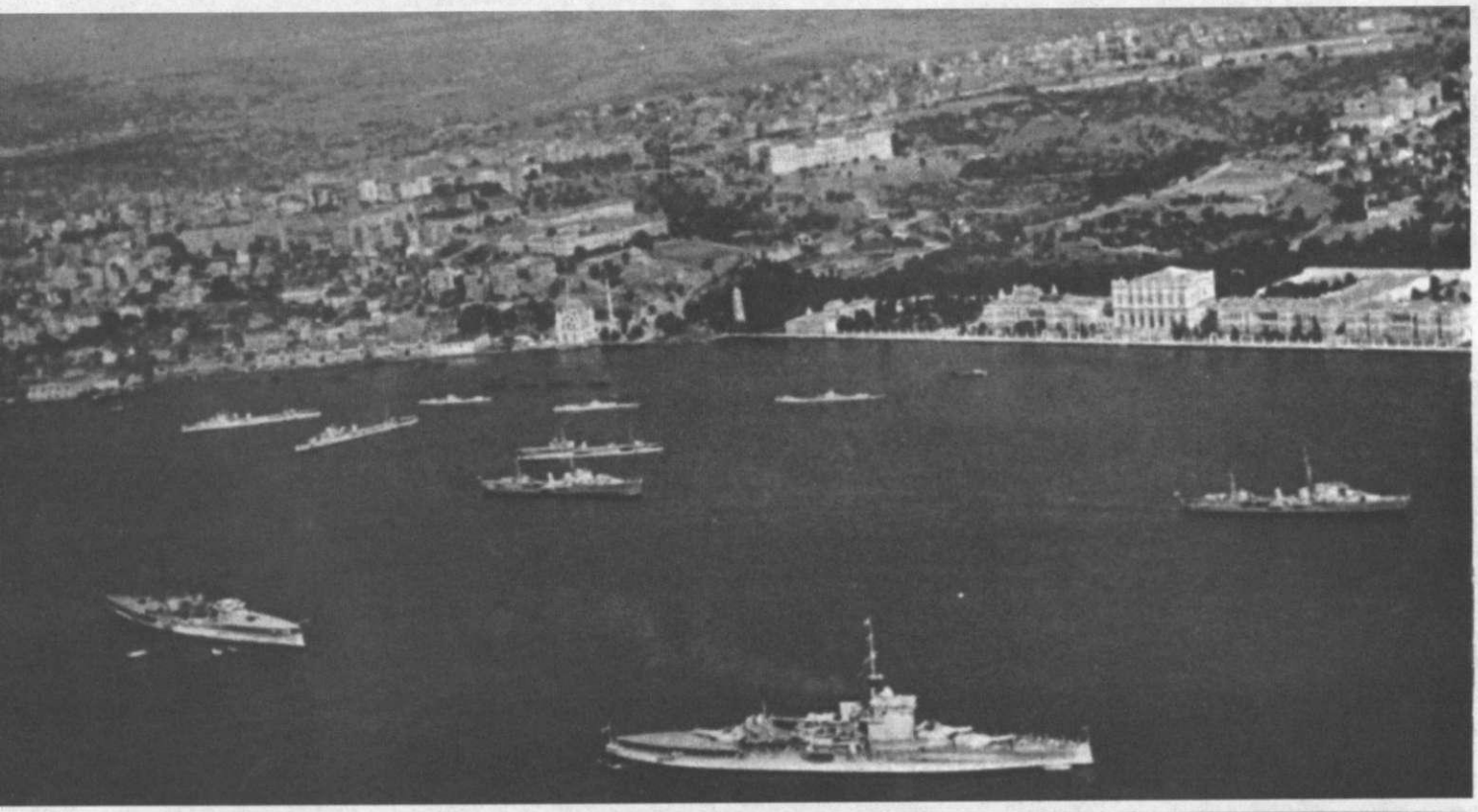
Developments in modern warfare are of necessity very closely followed by those responsible for the efficiency and immediate readiness of Turkey's armed forces. Army training includes captive-parachute jumping from a tower (1), carried out assiduously by embryo parachute troops, and theory goes hand in hand with practice in the air force ; a class at the Eskeshir Air College receives aero engine instruction (2). Cadets of a Naval College vie in smartness on the drill ground (3).

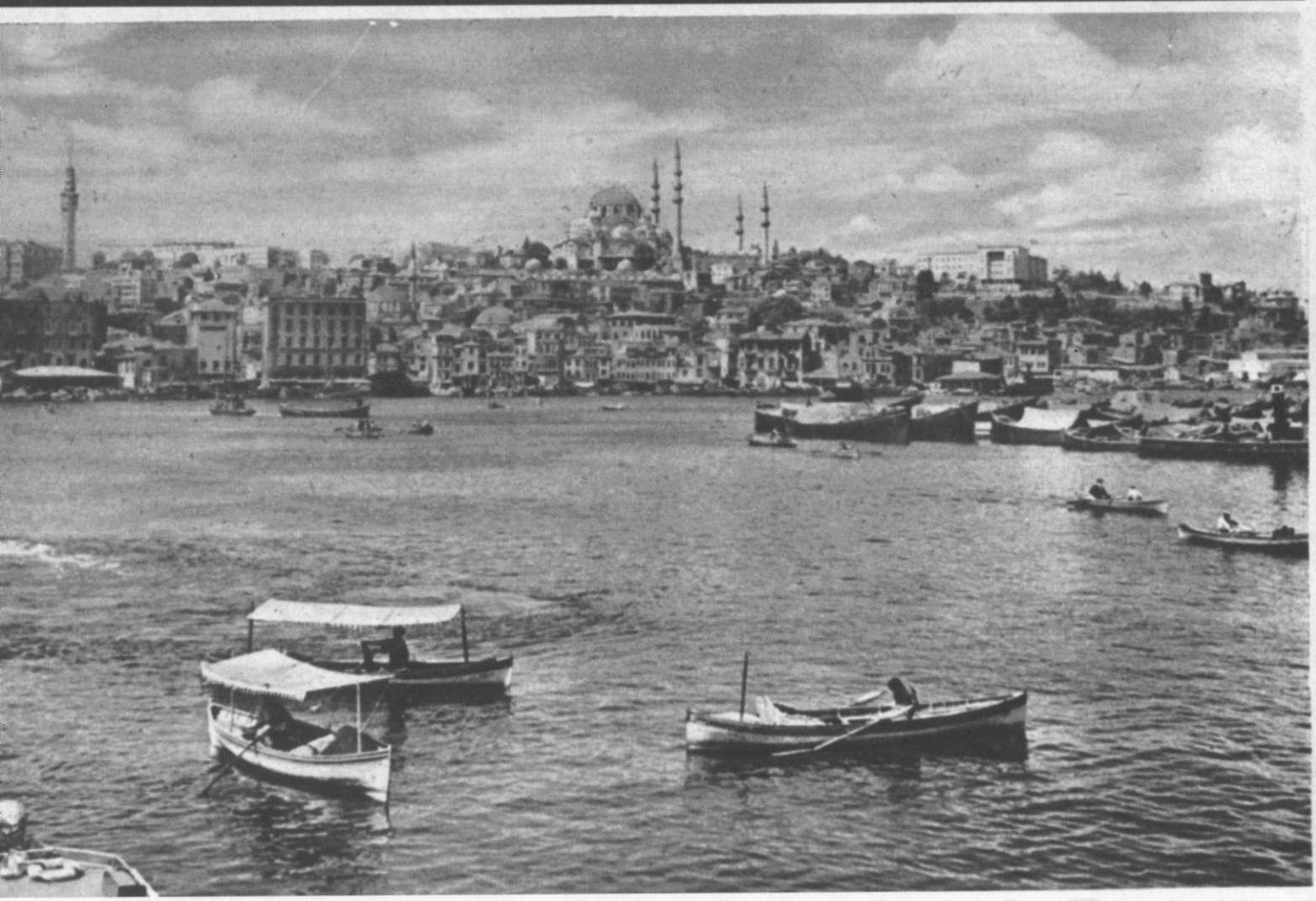
Photos, Black Star, Planet News, Keystone



—Turkey's Armed Forces are Trained and Alert

The national hero, Kemal Ataturk (Gazi Mustafa Kemal Pasha), effected radical changes in Turkey's defences in the course of his presidency, October 29, 1923 to November 9, 1938, and today her powerful army numbers over 2,000,000 when fully mobilized. During large-scale manoeuvres in 1943, field artillery move up to forward positions (5), while infantry divisions make full use of mechanized transport. a column of which is being piloted by a dispatch rider (4).





Istanbul—City of the Sultans

Photos, Pictorial Press. Paul Popper

Famous for centuries as capital of sultan-ruled Turkey, Constantinople—now known as Istanbul—guards the mouth of the Bosphorus. Significant of close pre-war relations existing between Great Britain and Turkey, battleships of both countries rode side by side (top) in the Bay of Istanbul on the coastline of the Sea of Marmara. Below, viewed across the stretch of water known as the Golden Horn, is a panorama of the Stamboul district. See also page 526.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

THEODORE ROOSEVELT once said to me, a trifle bitterly, "The American people are ready enough to build arches of triumph for popular rulers, but directly the rulers have passed under them they are liable to be pelted with the bricks the arches were made of." We were on a Nile steamer at the time. He was on his way back to the United States after the hunting trip in Africa which followed his term as President. I went with him and took part in his reception at New York. Never, I think, have I seen such enthusiasm. The arch of triumph could not have been more magnificent or, seemingly, more solid. Yet in a couple of years he had lost his popularity and sank gradually into an embittered, discontented man.

Much the same thing happened to Hoover, who was hailed with the loudest cheers when he was elected President and who left office amid a chorus of "good riddance!" from every side. And Woodrow Wilson, too, had his triumphal arch with the pelting of bricks afterwards that broke his spirit and brought on his body a paralytic stroke. With these examples from recent history in mind, Franklin Roosevelt must sometimes ask himself how permanent his hold will be on the fickle affections of the mob. Already the mass confidence which has given him three terms of office (twelve years) is diminishing. He will almost certainly stand for a fourth term this year. My own opinion is that the American people would be wise to re-elect him. But a great deal depends on what may happen between now and next November.

SOME close observers, who are honestly eager for that "better world" we hear so much of, think it would be more advantageous to have Wendell Willkie as President with the full support both of the Senate and the House of Representatives, rather than Roosevelt with majorities in both Houses against him. In such a case Roosevelt could get nothing done, whereas Willkie, whose ideas (as he proclaims them) are very much the same, might be able, if he stood up to Wall Street, to do a good deal.

It is that "standing up to Wall Street" which makes me feel Roosevelt would be the safer choice—safer, I mean, from the point of view of the "better world" crowd. He has done it already. Not always successfully, but on the whole with enough encouragement to make him go on doing it. Whereas with Willkie one can't tell. He might or he might not. Even if he did, Wall Street would find him a less formidable champion than Roosevelt with his immense world prestige.

"If," writes Compton Mackenzie in his biography of the President which has just appeared, Mr. Roosevelt (Harrap, 17s. 6d.), "democracy can still be acclaimed as the political ideal of all humanity, it is due supremely to him."

The Vatican trusts Roosevelt. Jewry trusts Roosevelt. Tormented France trusts Roosevelt. Greece, glorious in her chains, trusts Roosevelt. Martyred Poland trusts Roosevelt. Dogged Holland trusts Roosevelt. China, risen from a sleep of centuries, trusts Roosevelt. Latin America, so long a suspicious neighbour, trusts Roosevelt. Even the poor poisoned heart of Italy beats feebly for Roosevelt, and we in Britain and the Dominions of the Empire trust the man who, speaking in our common tongue, first gave us the assurance of victory when adamantine Churchill had pledged our honour and committed us to the proud defiance he knew we desired to offer.

Allowing for some inflations of sentiment, some over-emphasis of language, that is the truth about the President's position in the world today. He proved himself a consummately skilful politician when between September 1939 and December 1941 (Pearl Harbour was attacked then and war forced on the American nation by Japan) he led his people step by step away from neutrality and ranged them almost alongside Britain in the struggle against Fascism. The gift of destroyers, which he made without consulting Congress; the Lease-lend arrangement; the protection by American warships of convoys carrying munitions to Britain; the conception of the Atlantic Charter—these stand out as great actions, the actions of a statesman put through with the ability of a political genius.

Roosevelt—the True Heir of Washington

WOODROW WILSON had a statesmanlike mind, but he was not politically ingenious. That caused his downfall. He was more of an "intellectual" than Franklin D.; less of a believer in the rock-bottom good sense and decency of his fellow men. He had nothing like such a persuasive radio voice and style. These gifts have helped the President enormously. His broad, smiling, frank, open features also contributed to make the mass of people feel sure he has led them well. He speaks, too, in a language that the least literary, even the illiterate, among his hearers can understand.

Mr. Mackenzie calls him "the man in the street one turning ahead." A clever phrase, but inadequate, it seems to me, as a final summing-up of the man whom the author himself describes as "the true heir of Washington," who has "illuminated the ancient word with his own vitality so that it glows again as warmly on his lips as upon the lips of Pericles in the market-place of Athens 2,400 years ago." If Roosevelt has the mental calibre of Washington and the eloquence of Pericles, he can hardly be as near to the man in the street as Mr. Mackenzie suggests.

THE main fault of the book is its turgidity. Take this passage about the severe test of character which F.D.R. had to face when he was attacked by infantile paralysis at the age of 39.

Infantile paralysis threatened him with permanent unemployment. Infantile paralysis foreclosed upon the farm of his ambition. Infantile paralysis made away with the savings of his experience. Infantile paralysis deprived him of his purchasing power from life. Infantile paralysis taught him as hard a lesson as poverty can teach.

I would offer the suggestion that probably the long rest from the pursuit of his profession (the law) and the seclusion which his illness made necessary were of the greater value to him. What a difference it might have made to many of us if at 40 we had been for a time withdrawn from active life, given opportunity to reflect, to read, to dream! Roosevelt emerged from that seclusion a man of greater power, of finer character, of more penetrating mind. He certainly faced his ordeal with firm endurance, even with humour, but I should put his wife's courage above his—and I think he would too.

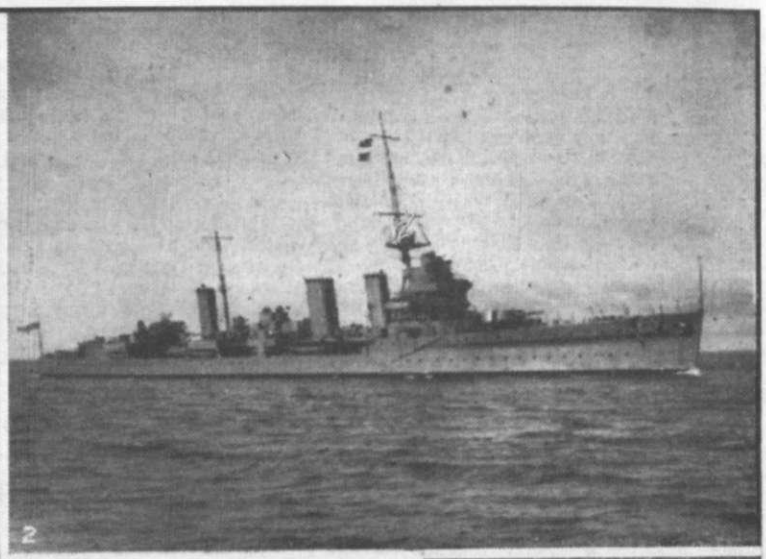
In the winter of 1921-22 she had her husband at home after his long stay in hospital. Her mother-in-law fussed a great deal, thought she was not doing the right thing in letting the invalid see visitors, wanted to override the doctor's decisions. There was one nurse in the house, but Mrs. Roosevelt did a great deal for the patient herself. "His legs were in plaster casts to stretch the muscles, and every day a little bit had to be chipped out at the back, which was torture for him"—and for her. At last the strain proved too great. One afternoon she suddenly began to sob, and could not stop sobbing. This went on until the evening. Then, instead of going to bed and sending for the doctor and making a second invalid in the house, she rose up, said "This won't do!" mopped her face with a towel soaked in cold water, and resolutely went about her duties again. She said sarcastically later on "it requires an audience as a rule to keep on these emotional jags." She got rid of hers by the one effort of will, and was not troubled again. That was real heroism.

THE President has been lucky in his wife—or perhaps, one should credit him not with luck but with good judgement in selecting her. He had plenty of choice, for he was lucky in most other ways. He had good looks, he was well off, he knew all "the best people," he had been to the right school and the right university. When I met him first at Alice Roosevelt's wedding in New York, I could see he had everything in his favour. Like our own Winston, he was given a good start in life's handicap. But in neither case could they have reached high positions but for their industry, patience and seeking after knowledge of every kind that could be useful.

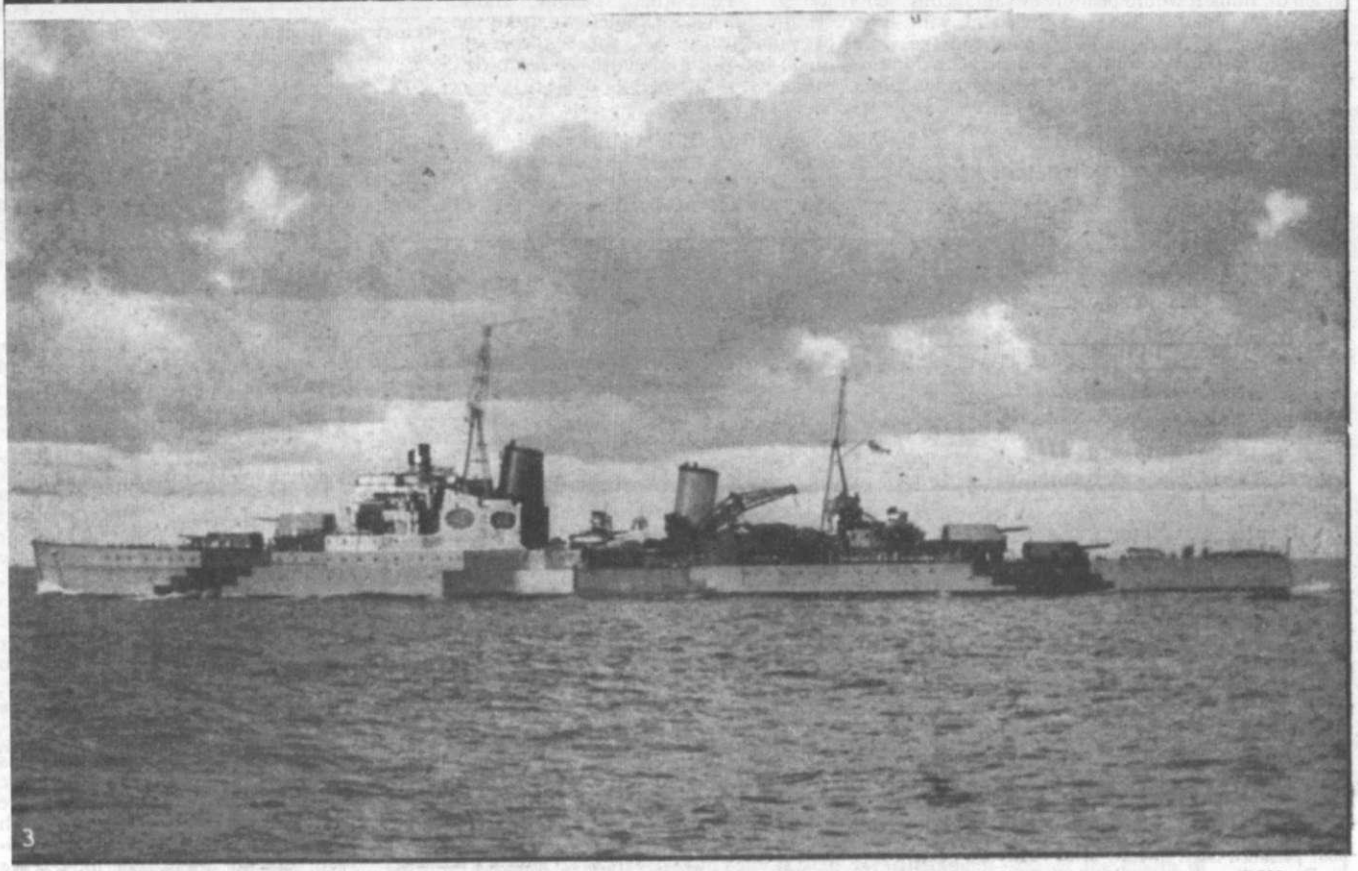
"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." That is true of both the national leaders. They were diligent in all they undertook. We must congratulate ourselves on having had their leadership in very difficult hours.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, whose return to America from the 3-power conferences in the Middle East was announced on Dec. 16, 1943, is here seen relaxing for a brief while in his study. Compton Mackenzie's graphic biography of the President is reviewed in this page. *Photo, Keystone*

Two Ships Attack Eleven in Big Sea-Air Battle



BAY OF BISCAY BATTLE on Dec. 27 and 28, 1943, resulted in the destruction of a 5,000-ton armed enemy blockade runner (see page 540) and the sinking of three German destroyers ; others were damaged. The enemy force consisted of five modern Narvik class destroyers, each mounting five 5·9-in. guns, and six Elbing class destroyers, each mounting four 4·1-in. guns. H.M. cruisers Glasgow and Enterprise opened fire on the enemy ships and a running fight ensued ; a number of hits were scored by our cruisers. Halifaxes and a Sunderland of Coastal Command with U.S. Liberators joined the battle, while Beaufighters and Mosquitoes provided air cover for the British cruisers. The blockade runner, making for a French port, was shadowed by the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. and was sunk by a Liberator.



AFTER ACTION IN THE BAY some of the triumphant crew (1) of H.M.S. Enterprise (2) are back in a British port ; displacement 7,580 tons, complement 572, Enterprise (Capt. H. T. W. Grant, R.C.N.) took part in the 1940 Norwegian operations. Capt. C. P. Clarke, R. N. (4) is commander of the 9,000-ton Newcastle class cruiser Glasgow (3), complement 700 ; she brought Norway's King Haakon to Britain in 1940. Both Captains have been awarded the D.S.O. for their achievements in the battle described above. *Photos, G.P.U., Wright & Logan, Daily Mirror, Central Press*

Americans Storm Fiercely Blazing Makin Atoll

SAVAGE BLOWS WERE STRUCK at the Japanese in the Central Pacific when, on Nov. 20, 1943, American troops landed on Makin and Tarawa atolls in the Gilberts (see illus. p. 503, and map in p. 474). Men of the 165th Infantry advance hip-deep through the surf (top) towards Butaritari beach at Makin, which is shrouded in a heavy smoke pall after the terrific U.S. naval bombardment. Landing effected (bottom), a bulldozer is ready to carve a road for vehicles, while enemy oil-dumps burn in the background. Within 48 hours Makin was taken.

Photos, New York Times

At Hell-Fire Corner: Britain's Front-Line Town

In the shadow of Dover Castle high up on the famous white cliffs, constantly threatened by German guns just 73 seconds' shell-flight across the Channel, live and work gallant folk of the type that has made our country so truly great. JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON pays tribute to their outstanding bravery and devotion—especially when we stood alone. See also facing page.

OVER three years ago, on August 12, 1940, German shells fell for the first time "in the vicinity of Dover." Since then the Nazis have spent many thousands of pounds in lobbing more than 1,700 shells across the Channel; but the value of their attacks, from a military angle, is small. If they planned to shatter the morale of the people of Hell-Fire Corner, as I first named it, the Germans have been beaten, for in this front-line town of Dover I have always been impressed by the citizens' sheer courage and determination.

Although on a clear day one can see the French coast with the naked eye—some locals often wisecrack: "The Fatherland looks good this morning!"—the Doverites do not allow the enemy to upset their enjoyment. In the local Hippodrome, which stands on the front, and can be seen by German patrols with the aid of field-glasses, they still have their twice-nightly shows: "And we've given them with but one or two exceptions all the time the shells have been lobbed over," Mr. H. R. Armstrong, the manager, told me. "And," he added with a smile, "I think the Service lads enjoy it." I have been to shows at the Hippodrome, and can testify to the entertainment given to the men in the front line.

LACONIC NOTICE above proclaims the Dover Hippodrome's sentiments; the manager assures residents, and members of the Services, of their due ration of first-class entertainment, bombardment or no bombardment. And though the shelling warning is in operation (right) buses continue to run.

Photos, Keystone, Topical

ALTHOUGH Dover has suffered because of its geographical position, being but 73 seconds "as the shell flies" from the muzzles of the German guns on the French coast, the town is not the heap of rubble many think it must be. Her wounds are varied and many, but to live among these wonderful people, and their Mayor, Alderman J. R. Cairns, is a tonic. The comradeship of the people of Dover is a credit to them, while their understanding of little difficulties has impressed itself upon me for ever. In addition, it is one of the most orderly towns in the country.

I visited the A.R.P. control-room, among the finest I have ever seen in my travels around Britain. The controller showed me a map of the town on which is indicated every shell and bomb that has landed in the area. A book, kept in the control-room, interested me. It contains the reports from patrols that spend every night on top of the hills on either side of Dover. They watch for the area in which shells or bombs fall. Sometimes these brave folk have been injured while watching for shell-bursts. In the book I read of one man who reported he had been hit but asked if he might continue; the book states that permission was given!

UNDERGROUND Restaurant for Dover Straits Fighters

Most popular meeting-place in the town is The Crypt, the "front-line" underground restaurant: the crypt of the old Flemish church of St. Nicholas. It is over 400 years old. The church, which was demolished in 1836, was once used by refugees from Flanders as a secret place of worship. Now, after a century, refugees from the twentieth-century terror—fighting men who take part in the "Battle of the Dover Straits"—often go to the Crypt for a meal after hitting hard at the Hun in the Channel

"We have dozens of famous people visit us here," Mr. W. J. Evans, the manager and son of a former Trinity House pilot, told me. "Among the celebrities who have lunched here are Sir Malcolm Campbell and Sir Roger Keyes." When Sir Roger visited The Crypt a waitress asked him for his autograph. The former chief of the Commandos ran through the autograph book, pausing for a moment at one page. Then, turning to the waitress, he said: "I see you have here the signature of one of my first Commandos." He then wrote his own signature, adding the sentence: "We'll see it through . . ."

NEAR to The Crypt is St. Mary's Parish Church, where the Rev. Purcell, young priest-in-charge, conducts most interesting services. I glanced through a record he keeps and noticed that on more than one occasion he has been interrupted by air-raids and shell-fire warnings. Once, when about to conduct a wedding, a shell warning went. Promptly donning his tin-hat he became Warden Purcell and hurried off to his post.

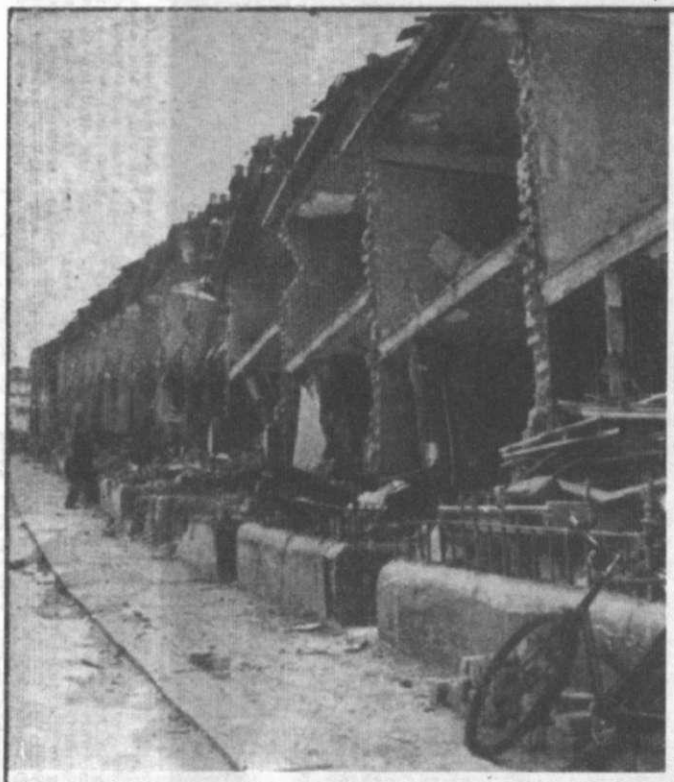
When the bombardment eased for a while he returned to his beloved church to see if everything was in order—and found a sailor, looking extremely unhappy, sitting in a pew. The sailor did not seem to realize that shells had been whining over the church; what worried him was the fact that his bride had not arrived. It was explained to him that she was in an air-raid shelter, putting the finishing touches to her dressing. When the all clear sounded the padre removed his tin-hat, slipped on his robes, and the wedding ceremony was solemnized.

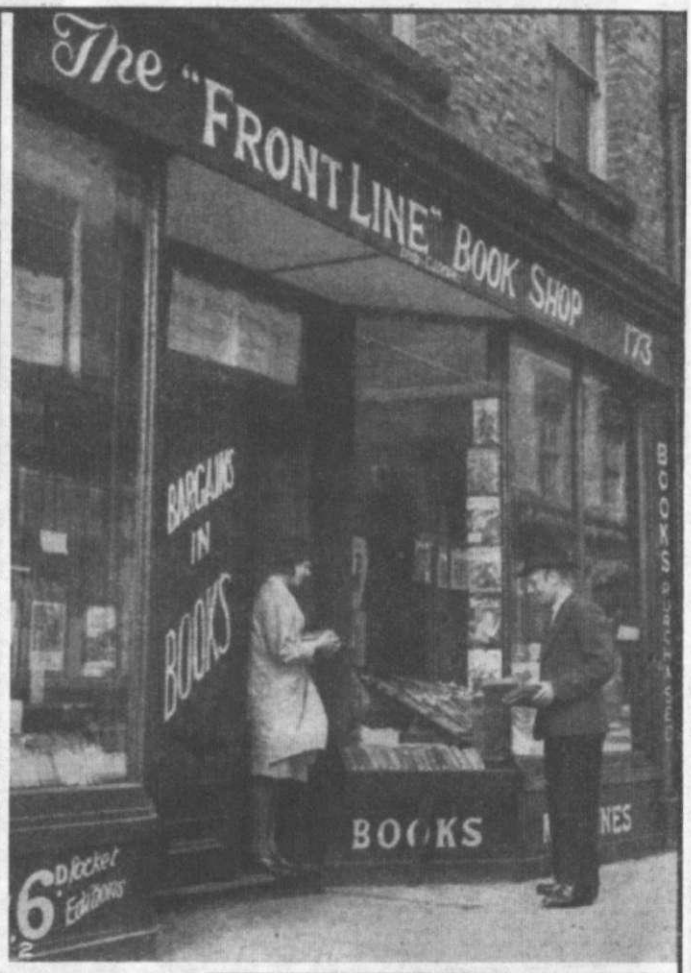
THE other day I had the rare opportunity, for a journalist, of visiting the "Gateway to England"—Dover Castle. From the ancient Keep it was possible to see France as if it were but two or three miles away. And all the time I sensed that Dover Castle really was "something"—in other words, this was England! And I say that without wishing to hurt the feelings of my friends in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Within this ancient pile are men and women belonging to all Services, working upon tasks, deep beneath the ground, about which I am not allowed to say anything.

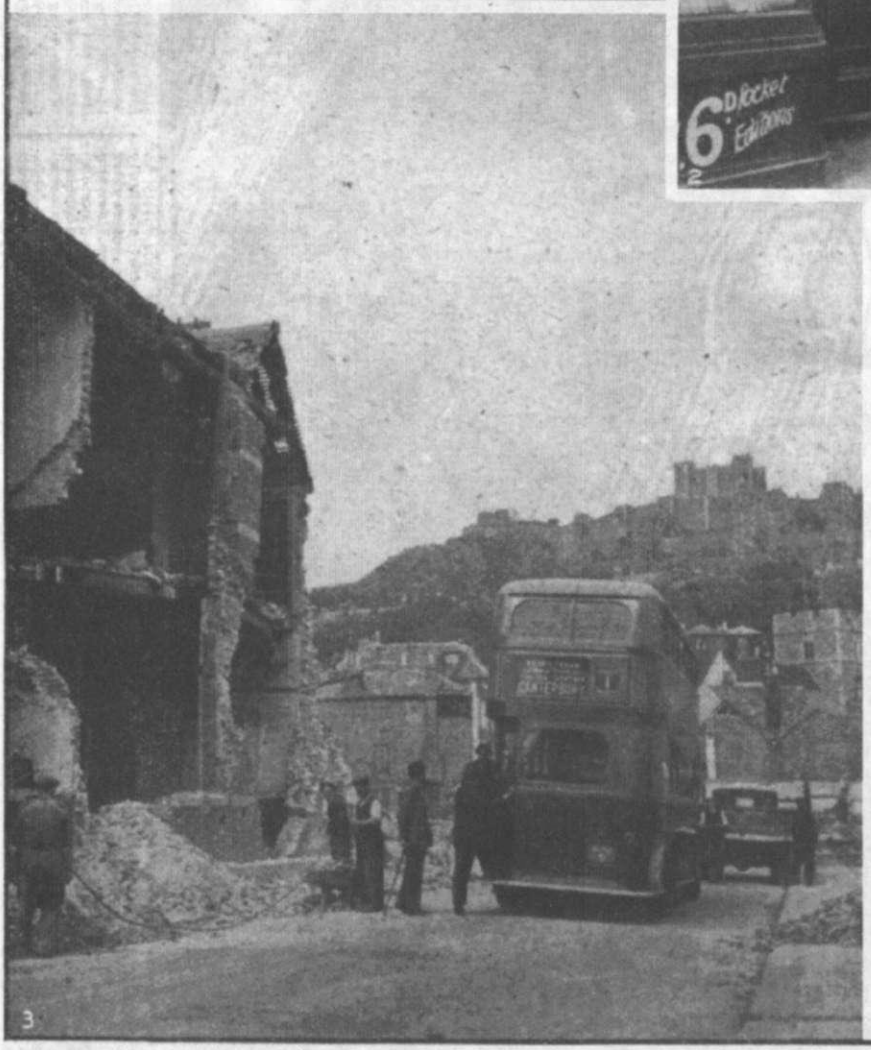
I went into the Port Wall Signalling Station, whence the men on duty have a perfect view of shipping passing through the Straits. While I was in the Station a flotilla of motor launches were returning, their signalling lamps winking as they made contact with the men standing by my side. "We've seen some very exciting actions from here," one officer told me. "One night we saw what must have been an enemy tanker go up in flames. It really lit up the Channel."

The magnificent work of the Dover Fire Brigade during heavy aerial bombardments of the town has not escaped the notice of H.M. the King; the minutes of the Dover Council include the record that his Majesty "had been graciously pleased to award the George Medal to Executive Chief Officer E. H. Harmer, Second Officer C. W. A. Brown, and Section Officer A. E. Campbell, in recognition of their gallantry on the occasion of a fire, caused by enemy action, in Dover Harbour." These men "volunteered to return to a blazing ship containing high explosives, in which they fought fires while enemy aircraft were still in the neighbourhood."

Dover's Defiance Continues Whatever Betides



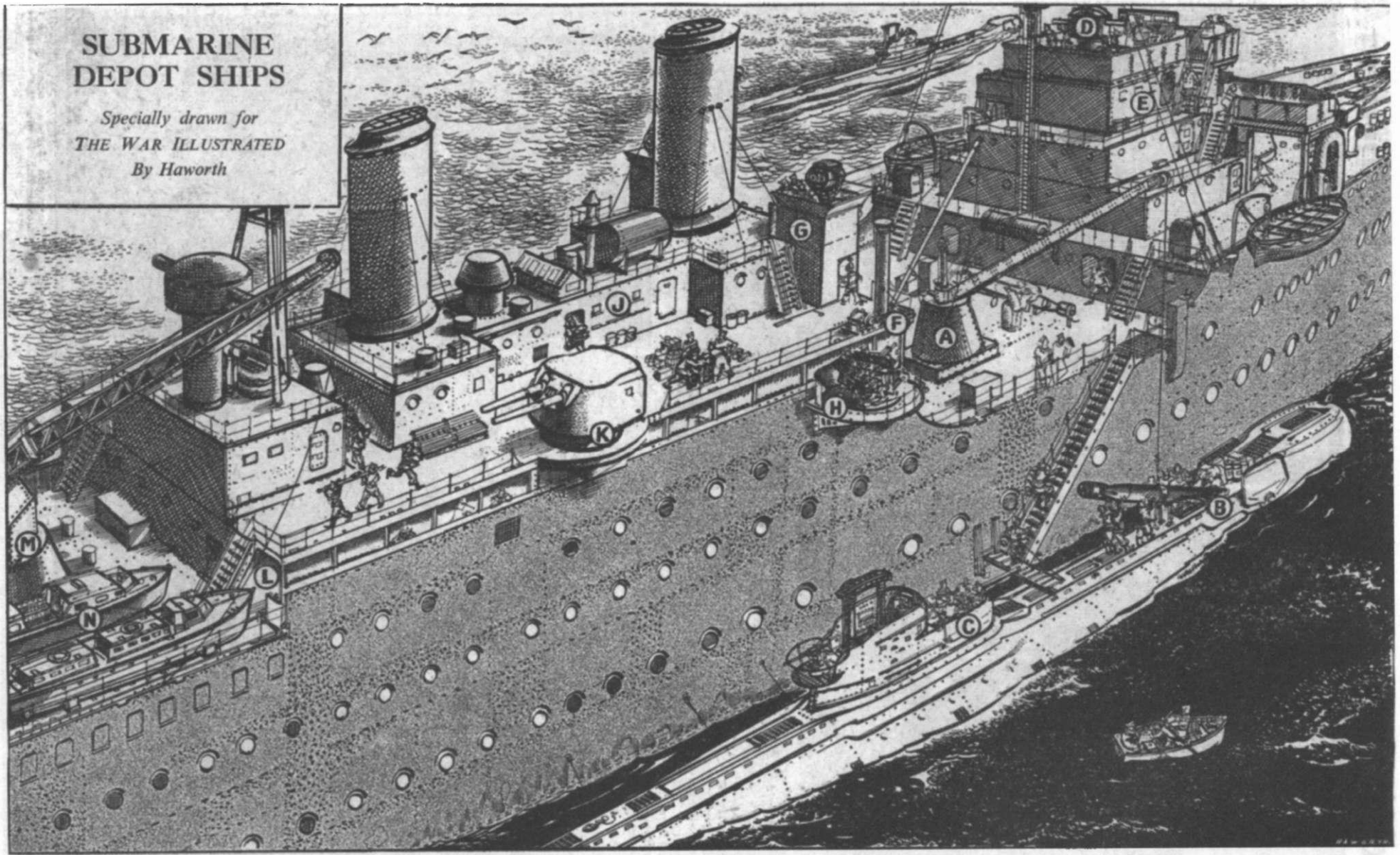




THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND while the spirit displayed by Britain's front line citizens at Hell-Fire Corner continues to survive. This Dover street (1) testifies to the town's long and grim ordeal of enemy bombing and shelling. But they are still cheerfully busy at the appropriately named bookshop (2). With Dover Castle in the background, a Canterbury-bound bus picks up passengers at a shattered "stop" (3); and Inspector Webb, of the local R.S.P.C.A. (4) plucks from raid-debris a stray cat. See also facing page. *Photos, Keystone, Topical Press*

SUBMARINE DEPOT SHIPS

Specially drawn for
THE WAR ILLUSTRATED
By Haworth



SUPPLYING THE MANY NEEDS of H.M. submarines, depot or "parent" ships perform indispensable service in the war at sea. When a submarine returns from a lengthy patrol its crew needs rest and relaxation and a brief change from cramped living conditions; their vessel requires revictualling, refuelling and rearming, perhaps minor repairs or a general overhaul. These requirements are administered by a depot ship, as and when necessary.

Somewhat staid in appearance but costly to construct, these specialized ships are splendidly equipped with workshops for on-the-spot repairs of submarines as these come alongside. For the submarine crews there are comfortable quarters, including recreation-rooms, bars, a well-stocked library and even a cinema.

Above, a submarine is seen moored alongside, and the business of rearming it with torpedoes is in progress. Taken from the depot ship's store, torpedoes are charged with compressed air (providing the motive power), and the explosive heads are fitted; they are then swung outboard by electric crane (A) and lowered for stowage by members of the submarine's crew (B); others are attending to the gun (C).

Returning to the depot ship, (D) is the fire-director tower, (E) chart-house, (F) periscope derrick, (G) searchlight tower, (H) multiple A.A. guns, (J) galley, (K) dual-purpose guns, (L) cabins, (M) heavy electric crane, (N) motor-boats. These ships, of which the above is a typical example, vary from some 5,000 tons displacement to over 12,000 tons, with a speed of from 14 to 17 knots. In addition to carrying supplies, and spares for effecting repairs, it has on board trained men for the replacement of any submarine crew members who may be sick or injured as a result of an action.

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

Ghastly Road of the Five Graves Led to Ortona

For days the 8th Army fought doggedly for the town and port of Ortona on the Adriatic coast of Italy. A British United Press War Reporter wrote the following dispatch on Dec. 22, 1943, when savage street fighting was in progress. On Dec. 28 Ortona was reported evacuated by the enemy.

I HAVE just travelled down the "Road of the Five Graves" into the battered bomb-shattered town that once was Ortona. The "Road of the Five Graves" is the Eighth Army's name for the shambles of a highway that leads to the gates of the town. A few hundred yards from the first white-walled cottages overlooking the grey Adriatic lie the remains of a Sherman tank, split wide open by a mine.

On the right of the road beside it there are five fresh graves, each with an unpainted cross at its head and a handful of wild winter flowers laid on top. The five British soldiers who lie in them took their toll of the enemy before they were stopped within sight of their goal, and the remains of German guns, tanks, and men are strewn out all along the road that leads along the last mile to the town.

That last mile might well be called the road of a hundred and five graves. It is a very grim mile. The pleasant countryside looks as if a bloody steam-roller had passed over it. What were once orchards are blackened ruins, and what were farms are heaps of rubble. When I got to the gates of Ortona after that death-haunted last mile, street fighting was still going on in the town. Some Germans were holding out in houses converted into blockhouses, and Nazi tanks were still posted at the street corners.

We passed the first houses. They looked as if a wrecking squad had just finished working on them. A few yards along the main street the rattle of machine-gun fire made us halt, and a car came racing down the road towards us. The driver was a young Welshman, Driver John Nugent, of Llanelian Road, Colwyn Bay, who explained that he had gone into the town to set up an observation post, but the Germans had opened fire at him from the upper storeys of houses they still held. "They caught me by surprise, but I turned the car round and got out through their fire safely," he said.

Canadian troops were meanwhile entering the town from the coast road with tank reinforcements, and were already winkling out the remaining groups of tough Nazis still resisting. Ortona itself looked as though squads of saboteurs and wreckers had used it as a practice-ground, but the sight lost a lot of its impressiveness when you remembered that long mile leading into the port.

British and German dead lie huddled in what were once orchards. Cattle and sheep lie rotting in the fields on either side of the road, unnoticed almost since the barrages of both sides first began to sweep across the ground. Even the farmhouses seemed to convey the same message of death, with their sides ripped open by shells, and their interiors revealing furniture splintered by explosions, floorboards ripped up, and all the everyday things of farm life strewn about the ground.

The trees here have been clipped down to their stumps by the barrages. Haystacks have been reduced to black lumps. Vineyards are pitted with craters, while lying by the roadside at one point is a German self-propelling gun, a fiery tomb for the occupants who failed to get out. In among the wreckage of the roads—twisted guns, broken rifles, discarded helmets, empty cartridge and shell-cases—are the dead monsters that were Mark IV Specials, the German tanks second in German estimation only to the Tigers.

CAPTURED NEAR ORTONA by Indian units, these German prisoners were among those who put up fierce resistance against the 8th Army in heavy fighting for possession of the Adriatic port in Dec. 1943. *Photo, British Official*

The country leading to Ortona is a graveyard of them; they loll with shattered tracks in gullies and ditches. their 10-ft. gun barrels still looking menacing. In spite of all this destruction, it is the five graves by the side of the Sherman which have given the road its name. The tank had gone through a day's hard fighting and was within sight of its objective when it was finally smashed.

"It must have taken 300 pounds of explosives to do that job," a young Canadian engineer told me. "It lifted the tank from one side of the road to the other, slicing it open at the same time!"

Our Seven Weeks' Nightmare as Arctic Castaways

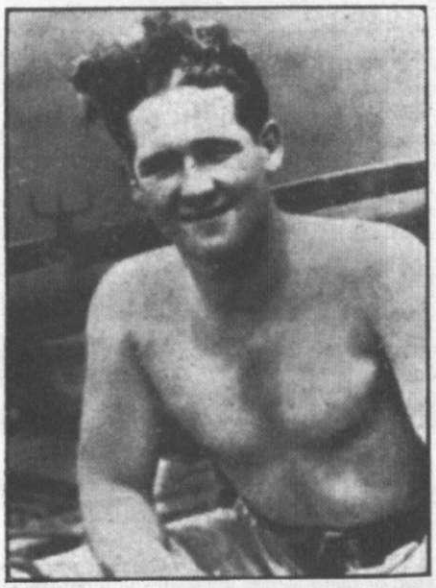
Swept ashore on a barren island, within sight of several wooden huts, members of the crew of a British ship sunk in the Arctic Circle were rendered great service by three of their comrades—Peyer, Burnett and Whiteside, gunners of the Maritime Royal Artillery, who have been awarded the B.E.M. The story is told by one of the men and by the Master.

THE following morning, when it was light enough to investigate, we found one of the huts was quite habitable, and the remaining twenty-three of us moved in. There was a small coal stove in which we soon made a fire, for there was plenty of wood and some coal. There was not a tree in the place, but plenty of driftwood and old boxes. Before the end of our stay we demolished one of the huts for firewood.

After we had slept that first night we all felt a little better. We collected the remainder of the lifeboat rations and at once made ourselves hot drinks, melting the snow for water. This revived us considerably and we all became terribly hungry. The lifeboat rations lasted us a long time and we found some tins of corned beef and biscuits in one of the huts, so we managed very well, but most of our thoughts were concentrated on food, and we planned the

OUTSIDE ORTONA, Bofors A.A. gunners are on the alert for German dive-bombers. Situated 200 feet above its own harbour, 12 miles south of the Adriatic port of Pescara, the town was taken by the 8th Army on Dec. 28, 1943, after bitter street fighting. By Jan. 4, 1944, Canadian patrols had advanced three miles north along the coastal road. **See also illus. page 516.**

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright



GUNNER WHITESIDE, B.E.M., Member of the Maritime Artillery, was a gunner in the torpedoed ship whose crew suffered an open-boat ordeal lasting seven days. Their subsequent adventures are told here.
Photo, Associated Photos Ltd., Liverpool

kind of meals we would like to have—I think we even dreamed of food.

As long as we had food for tomorrow we never looked further ahead. I never doubted we should be rescued or somehow come through alive. The Master encouraged us to take exercise each day, but after a time most of us were suffering so much from frost-bitten feet that it was impossible.

Continuing the story, the Master said:

The Army gunners were practically unaffected by frost-bite and it was really due to them that we survived at all. One man, Whiteside, was a really tough guy—a Liverpool docker in peacetime, only 4 ft. 11 ins., and he suffered no ill effects at all. Sergeant Peyer was also fairly well most of the time, and these two, assisted by Burnett, looked after us, nursing the men who were ill, going out to collect firewood, and generally running things. The Third Officer and Sergeant Peyer made the first two attempts to try to fetch help. They were unsuccessful in their efforts. It was such a rock-strewn, barren place, broken up by ravines, with large stretches of snow and ice, that they returned each time completely exhausted.

Thirteen men died during the first three or four days from frost-bite and from exhaustion and exposure. I believed right to the end we should come through, and often talked things over and made plans with the Third Officer, who was quite cheerful until he became seriously ill towards the last.

A third sortie to try to find help was made by Whiteside, Peyer and another man. They discovered a small hut in which was a sack of flour and some tins of corned beef and cocoa, which they brought back with them. We were coming to the end of our lifeboat rations and the flour kept us alive for three or four weeks. We mixed it with water, cooked it and ate the small cakes.

There were dozens of boxes of matches in the hut, fortunately for us, and two primus stoves. There was little oil for these, but Whiteside and I managed to get the petrol tank out of the lifeboat. There was quite a lot of petrol left, as we could not use it when the motor froze up. We had hot drinks three times a day and looked forward to them very much, although towards the end the coffee and cocoa ran out and we had to make do with hot water, with occasional drinks of malted milk made from a few tablets. We also found some tins of what proved to be whale blubber preserved in oil, and we lived on that for about five or six days, each man having a small portion. We drank the boiled oil, although it was not particularly nice . . . .

The Master and Whiteside made yet a further sortie to try to find help, again without success. By this time the situation was becoming desperate as most of the men were in a very bad condition. The Master continues:

I decided to make a final attempt to get help, or die in the effort. Whiteside, Peyer and myself set out. We had covered a good distance when Whiteside, for the first time, fell down. We turned back, but it was as much as we could do to reach the hut. We collapsed on arrival. A few days later Whiteside went out to collect firewood, but came running back into the hut, leaving the door open, absolutely terrified. I could get nothing out of him, and we thought we were about to be attacked by bears.

A little later two figures appeared wearing white, camouflaged suits. They were from a camp twelve miles away, out on a patrol and trapping expedition. They divided the food in their rucksacks between the nine of us, also cigarettes, then set off to fetch help. They were accompanied by Whiteside, who walked the entire twelve miles back without assistance, and Burnett. The latter was not in such good condition and had to be carried the last part of the journey.

A rescue party returned to the hut with two sledges, provisions and clothing. We were all in pretty bad condition now, as we had not sufficient energy to exercise ourselves any longer. The three most serious cases were taken to the camp at once, leaving five of us still in the hut. A doctor and two of the rescue party stayed with us, looking after us as well as they could . . . .

The next day, nearly seven weeks after the men had been cast ashore, a party of men with four sledges arrived at the hut and that same night the remaining five men arrived safely at the camp. All the party were kept in bed for about two months and remained at the camp for nearly six months before they eventually returned to this country.

I Flew 1,000 Miles Over Battle-Torn Russia

Vast pitted areas where fighting has swayed to and fro for two and a half years now present an eerie and awe-inspiring spectacle, declares Duncan Hooper, Reuters Special Correspondent, after a sensational flight of inspection over some of the worst-scarred Soviet territory.

WITHIN less than an hour's flight from Moscow I began to note bomb and shell craters pitting fields now far from the sound of guns and dotted with stacks of fodder gathered in the third wartime harvest. But in the broad belt of territory which up to a few months ago was still under German occupation the scars of more recent conflicts are deep and heavy. Here there is no sprouting autumn-sown wheat to lighten the countryside with patches of green, and there are many more roofless buildings than smoking chimneys. Seen from a height of 200 feet the earth is criss-crossed with trenches and strewn with the grey, cindery patches of villages which the

DEVASTATED Russian territory as seen from the air is described in this page by a war correspondent who recently concluded a 1,000-mile flight over former battlefields. Retreating Germans left Karachev (right) razed to the ground; the site was recaptured by Soviet forces on August 15, 1943.
Photo, U.S.S.R. Official

war has ploughed up with high explosives. Passing over the Steppes where the hulks of German tanks are still rusting, it is easy to reconstruct the battles that led to the expulsion of the invaders. Over the approaches to the road and rail junctions I saw one line of zig-zagging trenches after another, then perhaps some ruined village straddled with bomb bursts.

At some points the earth had been churned and rechurned until it resembled a huge overturned anthill. Over the wrecked towns the names of which once figured in the Soviet communiqués for weeks at a time, it was easier to count roofed than unroofed buildings.

Moonlight on Blackened Rafters

There were many signs of swift reconstruction work, in new wooden bridges thrown across rivers and black patches marking filled-in bomb craters on the roads. But rebuilding and repopulation of these war cities will take years, even when Russia is able to throw in her whole energies.

I landed near Kursk and drove in after dark. Even today it looks like a front-line city, with fire-blackened, boarded windows looking on to the streets and neat holes drilled by anti-tank shells in garden walls.

Numbers of large buildings were apparently intact, but a second glance revealed empty husks with moonlight slanting through blackened rafters.

Once a flash lit the sky and the boom of an explosion rolled across the countryside. Another German mine had gone up. Hundreds of miles behind the present front line, long forgotten mines and unexploded shells are still claiming their victims. Sometimes it is a peasant who strikes an unfamiliar metal object with his tractor blades as he ploughs or harrows the former battlefield. Sometimes it is a luckless vehicle which bumps over a spot where the button of a detonator has been resting unsuspected a few inches below the surface for several seasons. Nearer the front, in wrecked villages, after two years of German domination, children scatter immediately at the sight of an unfamiliar motor-car. Fields are unkempt. Almost every family has lost one or more of its number to German deportation gangs.

AMIDST THE RUINS OF HOME to which she has just returned this Russian woman relates to Soviet troops a story of horror during the German occupation of the village, when she and her children existed in an orchard hiding-place. *Photo by courtesy of Soviet Embassy*

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

DECEMBER 22, Wednesday *1,572nd day*
Russian Front.—Continued progress made by Russian tanks and cavalry in the advance on Vitebsk ; 128 German tanks destroyed.

DECEMBER 23, Thursday *1,573rd day*
Air.—Hutted camp near Merlimont (France) and two rail junctions bombed by Allies. Berlin (1,000 tons of bombs) heavily raided at night. Total of 200,000 tons dropped on Germany to date.
General.—Announced that Gen. de Lattre de Tassigny had escaped from a French prison camp and placed himself at the disposal of Gen. de Gaulle.

DECEMBER 24, Friday *1,574th day*
Russian Front.—Gorodok, S.W. of Nevel, stormed by Soviet troops.
General.—Names of Allied commanders for Second Front invasion armies revealed ; Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower to be Allied Supreme Commander of combined British and U.S. expeditionary forces in Gt. Britain ; General Sir B. Montgomery to command British Group of Armies under Gen. Eisenhower. In the Mediterranean, Gen. Sir Henry Maitland Wilson to assume post of Allied Supreme Commander, and Gen. Sir H. Alexander to be Allied C.-in-C. Italy. U.S. Strategic Bombing Force operating against Germany to be led by General Carl Spaatz.

DECEMBER 25, Saturday *1,575th day*
Russian Front.—Red Army captured 200 inhabited localities in Vitebsk region. Zaluchye, Kurino and Novka taken.

DECEMBER 26, Sunday *1,576th day*
Russian Front.—Russians recaptured Radomysl in recently launched offensive W. of Kiev.
India.—Japanese raided Chittagong.
Australasia.—U.S. Marines landed at Silimati Point, E. of Cape Gloucester, New Britain.
Sea.—German battleship Scharnhorst sunk off North Cape, Norway, by Home Fleet units.

DECEMBER 27, Monday *1,577th day*
Australasia.—Australians on Huon Peninsula, New Guinea, took Pimple Hill.
Sea.—Enemy blockade-runner sunk in Bay of Biscay by Coastal Command aircraft.
General.—Air Chief Marshal Tedder appointed Deputy Supreme Commander of Allied invasion forces under Gen. Eisenhower.

DECEMBER 28, Tuesday *1,578th day*
Italy.—Ortona cleared of the enemy by Canadian troops of the 8th Army.
Russian Front.—Korostyshev reoccupied by Red Army in Russian counter-offensive S. and W. of Kiev.
Australasia.—Announced that three Japanese counter-attacks in Arawe area of New Britain repulsed.
Pacific.—Nauru Is., 400 miles W. of the Gilberts, attacked by U.S. aircraft.
Sea.—In Bay of Biscay, cruisers H.M.S. Enterprise and H.M.S. Glasgow sank 3 out of a force of 11 enemy destroyers.
General.—Appointments to U.S. commands in Allied invasion forces announced: Lt.-Gen. Jacob Devers to command U.S. forces in the Mediterranean and to be Deputy Supreme Commander under Gen. Sir H. Maitland-Wilson; Maj.-Gen. James Doolittle to command 8th U.S. Air Force in Britain ; Lt.-Gen. Ira C. Eaker to command Allied Air Forces in the Mediterranean ; Lt.-Gen. Nathan Twining to command 15th U.S. Air Force in the Mediterranean.

DECEMBER 29, Wednesday *1,579th day*
Russian Front.—Korosten (occupied by the Germans on November 10) and Chernyakhov recaptured by Russians ; also Lozvida, Skvira, Turchinska and Belopolye. Announced fresh Soviet offensive had begun in Dnieper Bend W. of Zaporozhe.
Air.—Berlin (over 2,000 tons of bombs) heavily raided. Revealed that Ascension Is. had been used for months past as a stage in the passage of 5,000 aircraft from U.S.A. to Africa.
General.—Appointments announced : Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay to be Allied Naval C.-in-C. under Gen. Eisenhower, and Air Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory to be Allied Air C.-in-C.

DECEMBER 30, Thursday *1,580th day*
Russian Front.—Marshal Stalin in Order of the Day to Gen. Vatutin announced that Russians in Kiev salient had advanced between 30 and 60 miles in five days over a 180 mile front and defeated 8 German tank and 14 infantry divisions. Soviet troops captured Kasatin.
Australasia.—U.S. Marines captured Cape Gloucester aerodrome, New Britain.
Air.—Greatest number of bombers and fighters ever dispatched by U.S. Air Force from Britain attacked targets in S.W. Germany.

DECEMBER 31, Friday *1,581st day*
Russian Front.—Zhitomir recaptured by troops of the First Ukrainian Front under Gen. Vatutin. In the battle for Vitebsk, Red Army cut important Vitebsk-Orsha road.
Pacific.—Parashumir, Japanese base in Kurile Islands, raided by U.S. aircraft.
India.—Thirteen Japanese aircraft destroyed off the Arakan coast.
Air.—Two ball-bearing factories at Paris attacked by Fortresses and Liberators. Château Bernard aerodrome at Cognac also attacked.

JANUARY 1, Sat., 1944 *1,582nd day*
Russian Front.—Belokovorichi, 27 miles from old Polish frontier, taken by Gen. Vatutin's First Ukrainian Army.
Air.—Berlin bombed (1,000 tons) by Lancasters in first great raid of 1944.
General.—Gen. Carl Spaatz, commanding U.S. Strategic Bombing Force arrived in London.

JANUARY 2, Sunday *1,583rd day*
Italy.—Announced that Canadian troops of 8th Army had captured Villa San Tommaso.
Australasia.—U.S. troops under Brig.-Gen. C. A. Martin landed at Saidor, on N. coast of New Guinea, 55 miles from Madang ; harbour and airfield occupied.
Air.—Bomber Command aircraft dropped 1,000 tons of bombs on Berlin.

JANUARY 3, Monday *1,584th day*
Italy.—Bitter struggle continued N. of Ortona as 8th Army pressed forward.
Russian Front.—Novgorod-Volynsk, on main Kiev-Warsaw railway and 15 miles from 1939 Polish frontier, Olevsk, Djerzhinsk and Ostraya Mogila, fell to swiftly advancing First Ukrainian Army.
General.—Announced that Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery had arrived in England to take up his new post as Commander of British Group of Armies under Gen. Eisenhower.

JANUARY 4, Tuesday *1,585th day*
Italy.—5th Army launched strong attack along 10-mile front on road to Rome.
Mediterranean.—Announced that Marshal Tito's Yugoslav partisans had captured town hall and prison of Banjaluka, Central Bosnia.
Russian Front.—Byelaya Tserkov, 40 miles S.W. of Kiev, taken by Red Army ; also Pliska, district centre of Vinnitsa region, and Stavishch, district centre of Kiev sector. Russians crossed 1939 Polish border E. of Olevsk.

Flash-backs

1940

December 27. *British-held Pacific island of Nauru heavily shelled by unidentified German raider.*

1941

December 23. *Revealed that Mr. Churchill and Service chiefs had arrived in Washington to discuss measures for Allied co-ordination.*

December 26. *Mr. Churchill addressed both Houses of Congress, avowing that the British and American peoples would walk together "in majesty, in justice, and in peace."*

December 29. *British troops withdrawn from Ipoh, Malaya.*

1942

December 24. *Admiral Darlan assassinated in Algiers.*

December 29. *Kotelnikovo, S.W. of Stalingrad, captured by Russians.*

December 31. *Zimovniki captured as Nazis fled from Kotelnikovo, towards Rostov-on-Don.*

1943

January 1. *Veliki Luki, Nazi defence bastion, taken by Soviet troops.*

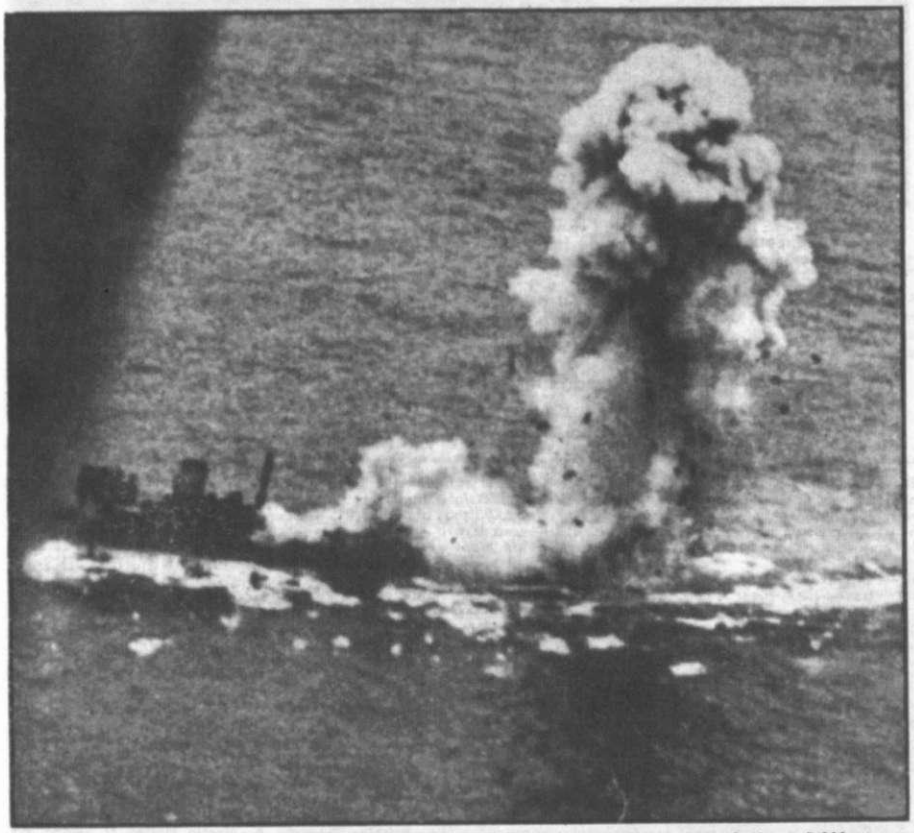
January 4. *Caucasian centre of Nalchik liberated by Russians.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

It might at first sight appear that the entirely naval action in which the Scharnhorst was sunk off the North Cape (see pp. 518-520) was an incident in the war so completely maritime as to refute by its mere occurrence the arguments on air power which I have recently put forth in these columns. But a moment's reflection will show that this is indeed not so, although I do not doubt for an instant that naval protagonists will long point to the Scharnhorst action as the perfect case for the absolute indispensability of the capital ship.

But the battle in which the Scharnhorst was sunk did not commence with the departure of an escorted convoy bound from Britain (presumably) for North Russia. That action had its roots in the German invasion of Norway that was sprung upon a surprised Britain and France in April 1940. The purpose of the German invasion of Norway was not then clear. It was generally suggested that it was intended to deny to us the iron ore which we had been receiving from the Swedish mines through the port of Narvik, and to secure all the ore and the use of that ice-free port for the German war machine. We know now that that was merely a subsidiary reason for the invasion; the real purpose was to guard the northern flank of Western Europe against the time when Germany was to invade Russia.



BAY OF BISCAY BLOCKADE RUNNER. This fast German merchant ship of about 5,000 tons was intercepted and sunk on Dec. 27, 1943. This hand-camera photograph, taken by one of the crew of the attacking Liberator which effected the sinking, shows the first bomb explosion on the enemy's deck. See also p. 532.
Photo, British Official

Two Aircraft Squadrons Against a Thousand German Planes

Britain and France were unprepared for the invasion of Norway. The mines that were laid in Norwegian territorial waters by British naval ships were laid too late to stop the German naval units from moving into the western seaports of Norway, from Kristiansand North to Narvik. The very gallant naval battle of Narvik followed. The expeditionary forces that were dispatched to Central and Northern Norway were hastily scratched together and escorted to Norway by warships. Anti-aircraft ships were supposed to be able to provide the necessary anti-aircraft defence for the small ports left to us. The whole of that story has never been told, but the fact is that the Norwegian expeditions were a failure. They were inadequately equipped for modern war, and could not have hoped to succeed. After a brief experience of German methods of warfare the Allied forces which pushed up the Gudbrands Valley demanded air support. (All that the R.A.F. had been able to do up till then was to bomb aerodromes from Denmark to Trondheim, and that by puny forces only).

So No. 223 Squadron, R.A.F., was sent to Norway in an aircraft carrier from whose deck eighteen pilots flew their Gladiator biplanes and landed on a frozen lake inland from Aandalsnes, only to be bombed out in twenty-four hours. There was no aerodrome available in Central Norway, and because our fighters could not intervene from British bases, the surface forces, both land and sea, were compelled to withdraw. Two air squadrons then went to the Narvik area; their Gladiator and Hurricane fighters staved things off for a brief space. But what were two squadrons of aircraft against a thousand German planes? Narvik was evacuated in early June 1940, and the German forces soon afterwards captured the two most northerly provinces of Norway.

The campaign in Norway was Britain's first awakening to the part that air power was to play in modern war, but its lessons were known only to the few and were unappreciated by the public generally. It took Dunkirk to teach the British people as a whole their lesson. If Britain had possessed adequate air power in 1940 the German forces could not have trampled over the Scandinavian kingdom so swiftly and might have been denied the country altogether. But primarily because we lacked air power Norway was lost, and as a result it became possible for German warships to use the Norwegian fiords and ports, and continue to use them because only there could they get out of the reach of our present superior air power.

It has been amply demonstrated that German naval ships cannot now safely use bases anywhere between the Bay of Biscay and Central Norway, mainly because of the range, flexibility and striking power of Allied air strength. The former German naval ports of Kiel and Wilhelmshaven are almost useless to them. American aircraft by day and British aircraft by night hammer them unmercifully. There can be no doubt that if we had had adequate air power at the beginning of the war it would not have been possible for Germany to deploy her naval striking forces, and the submarine menace would have been curtailed from the very start.

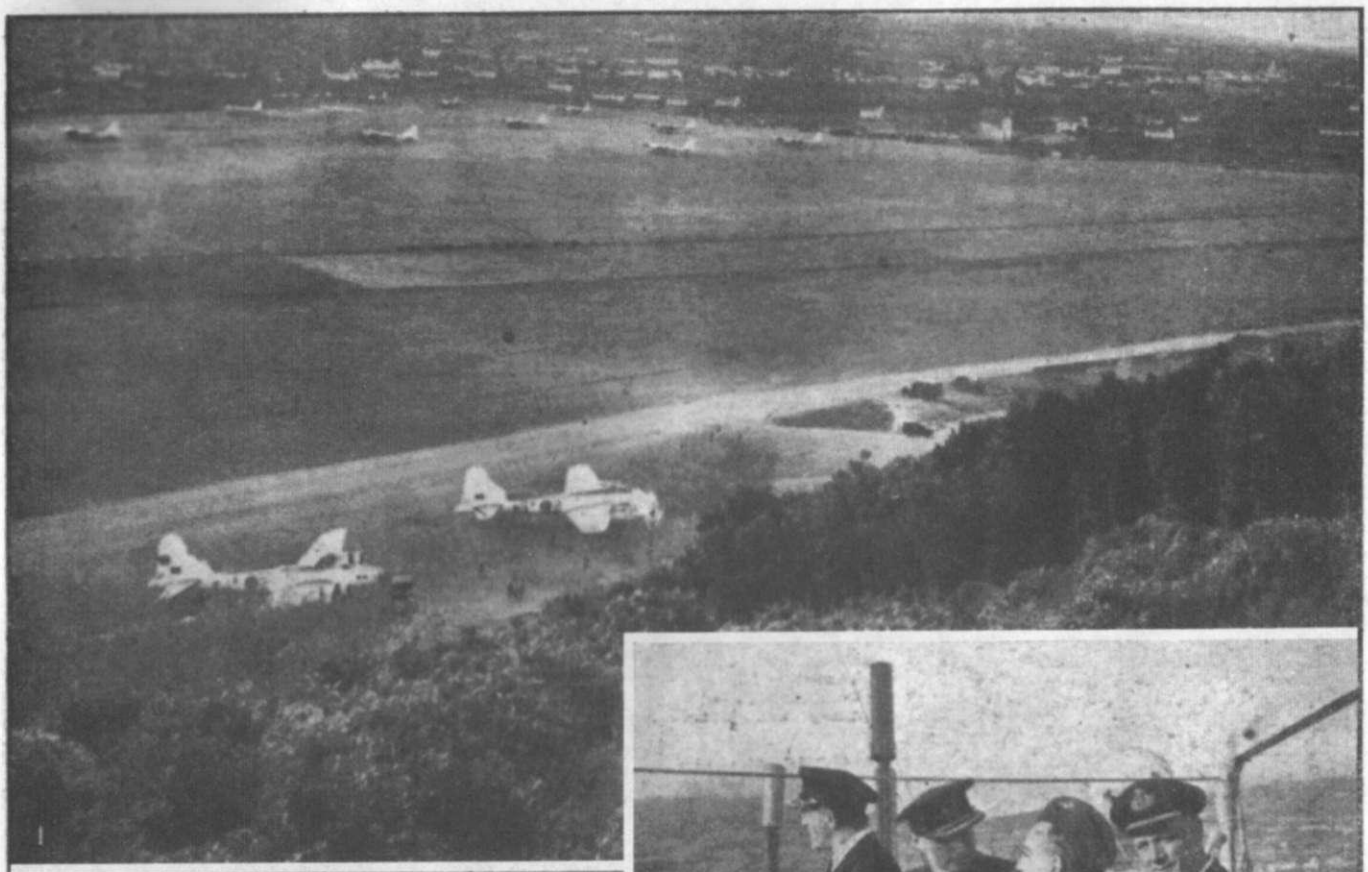
Blockade Runner Sunk by Aircraft Without Ship Assistance

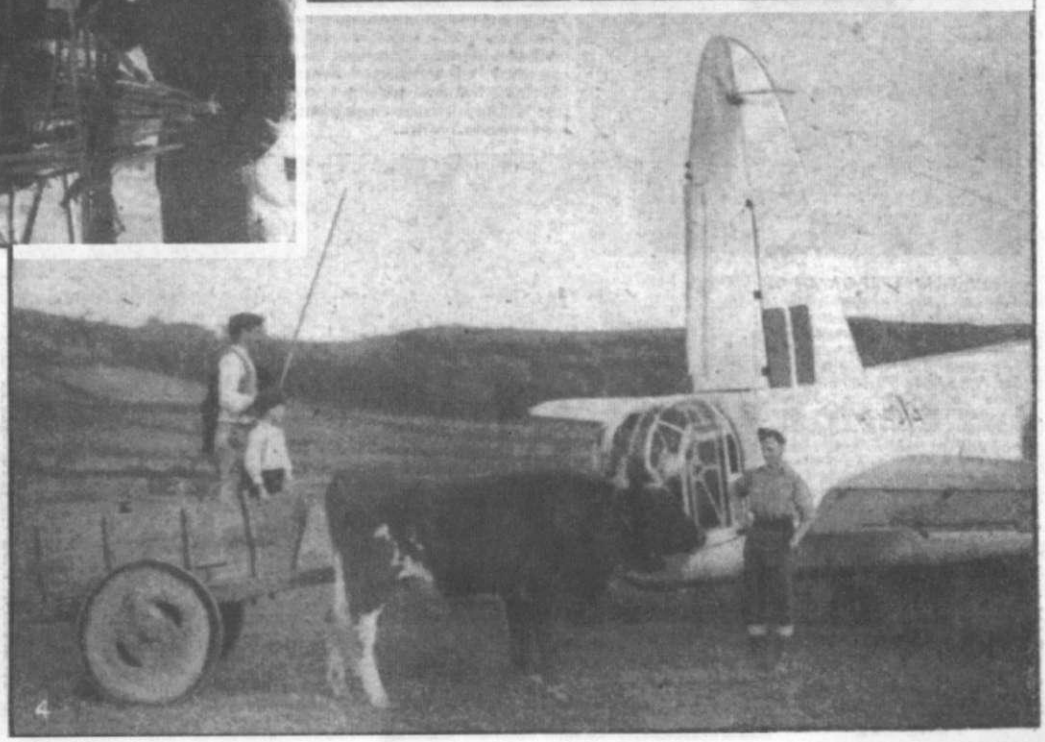
If we are persuaded by the sinking of the Scharnhorst that the naval tradition of things still holds in the world today we shall do a grave injustice to the coming generation. If this action, for the skill of which as a tactical evolution I have no words but praise to offer, were to be taken as a future model, we should place their security in jeopardy. We must see that the Scharnhorst action was the result not of foresight but of the very opposite, and that if we are to be secure in the future, we must organize our air power and the bases which it can use so that such threats can be crushed at source instead of being allowed to continue to cause an immense diversion of our true offensive against the enemy, as the extraordinarily few German heavy warships have been able to do. Indeed, the inadequacy of naval methods alone in dealing with such enemy weapons is apparent from the time it has taken to accomplish the liquidation of the Scharnhorst, and the tremendous national effort which Britain has had to make to deal with four German capital ships, two of which are still not sunk. Air power can alter that.

It is notable that the German merchant ship which tried to reach a Bay of Biscay port was sunk by aircraft without surface ship assistance on December 27, 1943, when weather over the Bay was notoriously bad; and that it was the initial intelligence from and subsequent shadowing by long-range land-based aircraft and the air cover of shore-based Mosquito fighters which enabled our two cruisers to close with the eleven German destroyers (who came out, too late, as escort to the blockade-runner) and, assisted by aircraft, to sink three.

General Sir Bernard Montgomery, the British general who has most skilfully employed the aid of the air in land battles, said recently that "the air battle must be won before the land or sea battle is begun. This is the first great principle of modern wars." That is the principle which surface soldiers and sailors have had to accept after three years of war during which a bitter lesson was learned from a series of defeats that were saved from disaster only by the few hundred pilots who fought—almost all single-handed—in the Battle of Britain. If those boys had not won that fight the Duke of York would never have been in the Arctic to sink the Scharnhorst, for the safety of naval bases is entirely consequent upon air defence.

R.A.F. Now at Battle-Stations in Azores Outpost





MID-ATLANTIC AIR BASE, the Azores, 400-mile long island chain about 800 miles due west of Portugal, was garrisoned by Allied sea, air and land forces in Oct. 1943 (see pp. 360-361). The result has been catastrophic to U-boats in the Atlantic; protection is given to Allied shipping in the south similar to that which Iceland provides in the north. The Allied use of harbours, airfields and flying-boat bases closes the Bay of Biscay gap.

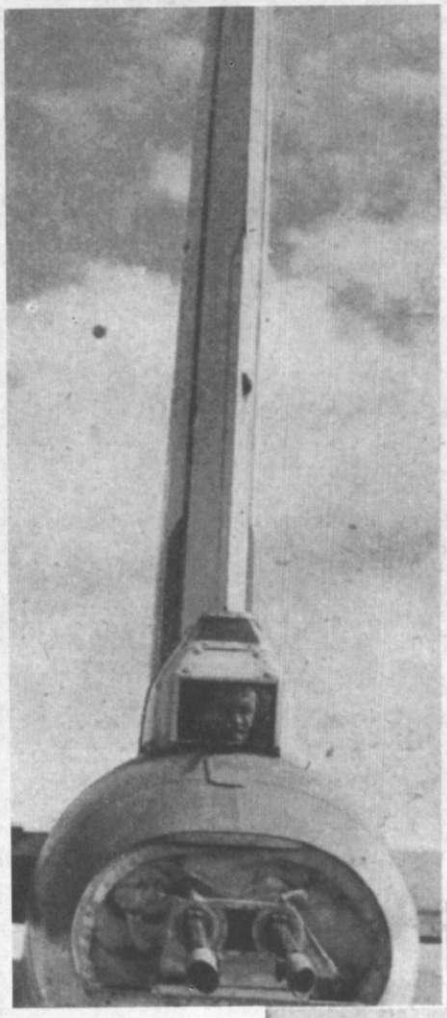
Flying Fortresses of R.A.F. Coastal Command at their dispersal points (1). A Canadian radio operator has a rough-and-ready shave as he chats to an air-gunner (2). Arriving at Terceira Island to take up duties are (3, l. to r.) Commodore R. V. Holt, Air Vice-Marshal G. R. Bromet and Wing-Cmdr. B. D. S. Tuke with the ship's captain. This R.A.F. mechanic servicing a Wellington (4) has become accustomed to unusual traffic on the airfield.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Latest Warplane News from the World's Skyways

IT is undeniable that the youth of Britain is more air-minded than it has ever been and possesses a wide practical knowledge of wartime aircraft. Every editor has had this demonstrated to him : if the slightest slip in the technical description of aircraft is made in his pages, the morning after publication sees the inevitable correction from two or three schoolboys. As this note is written a letter arrived from a boy of 8½ years which pointed out a mistake in a pre-war publication and claimed that he could identify 300 British, American and German aeroplanes.

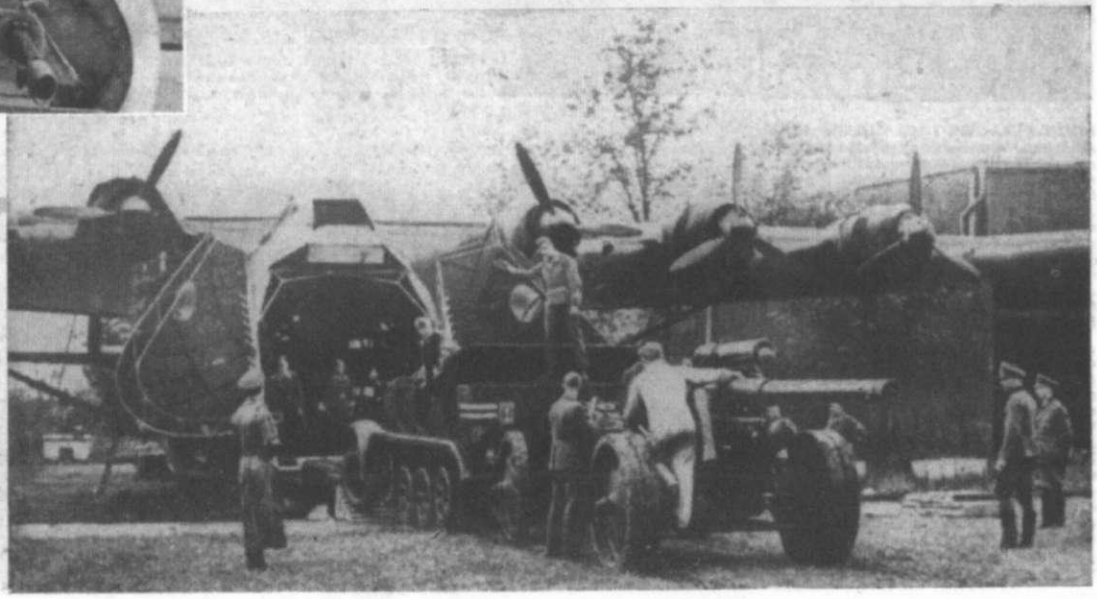
For schoolboys, air cadets, R.A.F. and Royal Observer Corps members, air correspondents and war editors, a better guarantee against error or a greater wealth of reference could hardly be found than in Aircraft of the Fighting Powers, of which the fourth annual volume (titled 1943 Aircraft) has just been issued by the Harborough Publishing Co. Ltd. Produced by Aircraft (Technical) Publications, Ltd., at the moderate price of one guinea, it is edited by D. A. Russell, M.I Mech.E., and, with its earlier volumes, provides a comprehensive chronological record of the development and use of military aircraft in the Second Great War. The mass of valuable information given, for which a necessarily high standard of accuracy is claimed, includes scale drawings, specifications and all known armament and performance figures with operational histories of every one of the aircraft described. This 1943 volume includes no fewer than 76 aircraft, of which 17 are British and 47 American, an indication of the mass of new U.S. production. It also gives useful notes on military aircraft markings and colour schemes for Great Britain, U.S.A., Russia, Germany and Japan.



AMONG the six British fighters described is the new version of the Hurricane, the IID which, with its 40-mm. shell gun, at long last supplies the need for an anti-tank plane ("The War Illustrated" recorded the urgent need for a "tank buster" as far back as Feb. 10, 1942, p. 474, vol. 5); also the Spitfires V and IX (R.R. Merlin 61 engine). Others that have big names here presented in full detail are the Hawker Typhoon (speed said to exceed 400 m.p.h.) and the ubiquitous, versatile and ever-successful Mosquito, "the best all-round two-motor fighter in the world." Special types of baby two-seaters only recently heard of are the lively little British "air jeep," the Taylorcraft Auster, and the Wicko Warferry. The Auster can climb at 1,000 ft. a minute, and land in any flat field. It was on communications service in Holland in 1940 and will doubtless be heard of again in civilian flying. Another machine of topical interest is the Airspeed Horsa I, a heavy glider transport which carries a crew of two and 25 troops and all their equipment, a valuable craft for invasion work.

Of the American machines it is noticeable that the 1943 list includes no fewer than 27 trainers of different types with three training gliders and—a little surprising—five biplanes. Details of the new type Fortress were not released in time for this book, but the Consolidated Liberators III and IV are included. Their normal bomb load is now eight 1,100-lb. bombs. The Liberator III is on service with the R.A.F. (Coastal Command) ; the IV was built by Fords. Other Americans of high reputation on this side here described are the Lightning, Mustang, Marauder and Avenger.

ENEMY planes include the Messerschmitt 109G (analogous to the Spitfire IX) and the 210, the latest twin-motor fighter, the Heinkel 177 (Germany's largest bomber before the Ju90 and delayed by the great Rostock raid), the Junkers 90 and 87D, the D.F.S. glider (shot down in dozens in Crete) and the very odd Blohm and Voss 138B flying boat.



NEW GIANTS FOR OLD. Aircraft are always being improved, as the book reviewed in this page amply demonstrates. Top right, the amphibian Catalina III, with a range of 3,750 miles, speed 185 m.p.h. at 10,000 ft., span 104 ft., bomb load 2,000 lb. Among a number enlarged or improved even since the book was published are the new Fortress II, B-17G, carrying extra 1,000-lb. bombs, extra chin turret similar to the tail turret seen above, with two 0·5 machine-guns, span 103 ft. 9 in. ; and (bottom right), the six-engined Me 323, largely used by the Germans in Tunisia and elsewhere for heavy transport ; a cannon and tractor are being loaded into the plane.

Photos, British Official ; Associated Press

Editor's Postscript

THE New Year has found most people optimistic about the war coming to an end soon. Perhaps it is just as well they should be; it may help them to go cheerfully through whatever 1944 has up its sleeve for us. For myself, I like better to be prepared for the worst. If it doesn't happen, I've lost nothing; if it does, I am ready for it. No need to be gloomy, or even grim. Having "a heart for any fate" should not mean anticipating disaster, or even momentary set-backs. But I do find it hard sometimes to understand why people suppose peace is just round the corner at this stage. One acquaintance of mine explained that "we are all getting very tired of it." But he had no reply to my "So what?" Another quoted the result of a Gallup poll. So many men and women had given their opinions as to how long it would last. It seems to me silly to take polls of that kind. If the popularity of a politician or the efficacy of a law is in question, some guidance as to public opinion can be obtained by asking all and sundry how they feel about it or what their experience has been. But no one on earth can offer an opinion worth anything on the duration of the war. No one, I repeat.

LETTERS from soldiers fighting in Italy speak with furious disgust of the Italian mud. Many of them complain that their ordinary service boots, with the small ankle-gaiters now in use, are quite unfit for squelching about in such conditions. The Americans appear to be better equipped. They have high boots which reach well above the knees. Surely somebody in the War Office might have known what autumn and winter are like in the Apennine country. Was it expected we should just rush through it and be in Rome well before Christmas? "The clerk of the weather" is apt to make us pay for that sort of optimism. Another advantage the Americans have over British troops out there is in army lorries. Ours get bogged often, the others very seldom. Here again there would seem to have been lack of foresight on somebody's part. "Somebody" ought to be made to suffer for it.

IN several pictures of famous men and reporters reproduced in newspapers lately the reporters have had notebooks and pencils in their hands. This is a change from the days when I was on a daily paper in Fleet Street. We should have been ashamed to show a notebook when we were interviewing anyone or conversing in a group with a public personage who had information to give us. In my experience a pencil is fatal to an interview. The interviewer is hampered by it; the interviewee is alarmed and begins at once to think "Shouldn't I be wiser to say nothing?" Talk must be free and without restraint or it will give very poor results. Not less ruinous to newspaper men's chances of getting a "story" is to surround the man who can, if he chooses, provide it and let him see that his very words are going to be taken down. He is reminded instantly of the proverb, "least said, soonest mended" and instead of talking easily in a friendly way, he becomes stilted and cautious. To advertise the fact that you are a reporter is the worst way to get news.

OF all the many wonders promised to us for "after the war" none is more attractive than those which are to be achieved (perhaps) by plastics. There was a wireless talk on the subject not long ago from which it appeared that this material for use in literally endless ways can be made from almost anything, and now an Australian, who owns a factory for making it, says the housing problem can be solved by it. Millions of people are going to want houses—in many parts of the world. Both labour and materials will be in short supply. If we stick to our old building methods, it will be a quarter of a century, so experts predict, before the deficiency is made up. Suppose we could, as this enterprising Australian suggests, have rooms stamped out with openings for doors or windows to be fitted, and then put together to form a dwelling, large or small as might be required. Nothing could be simpler or quicker, or cheaper, for Mr. Milton says £200 would pay for a home with a living-room, two bedrooms, kitchen and bath, while half that sum would furnish it—in plastics too. It sounds like Paradise Regained!

Adm. SIR BRUCE AUSTIN FRASER, G.C.B., K.B.E., renowned as the Navy's greatest gunner and authority on air-sea warfare. His appointment as C.-in-C. the Home Fleet was announced on March 23, 1943. Units under his command sank the German battleship Scharnhorst, for which he was promoted to G.C.B. **See illus. page 519.** *Photo, British Official*

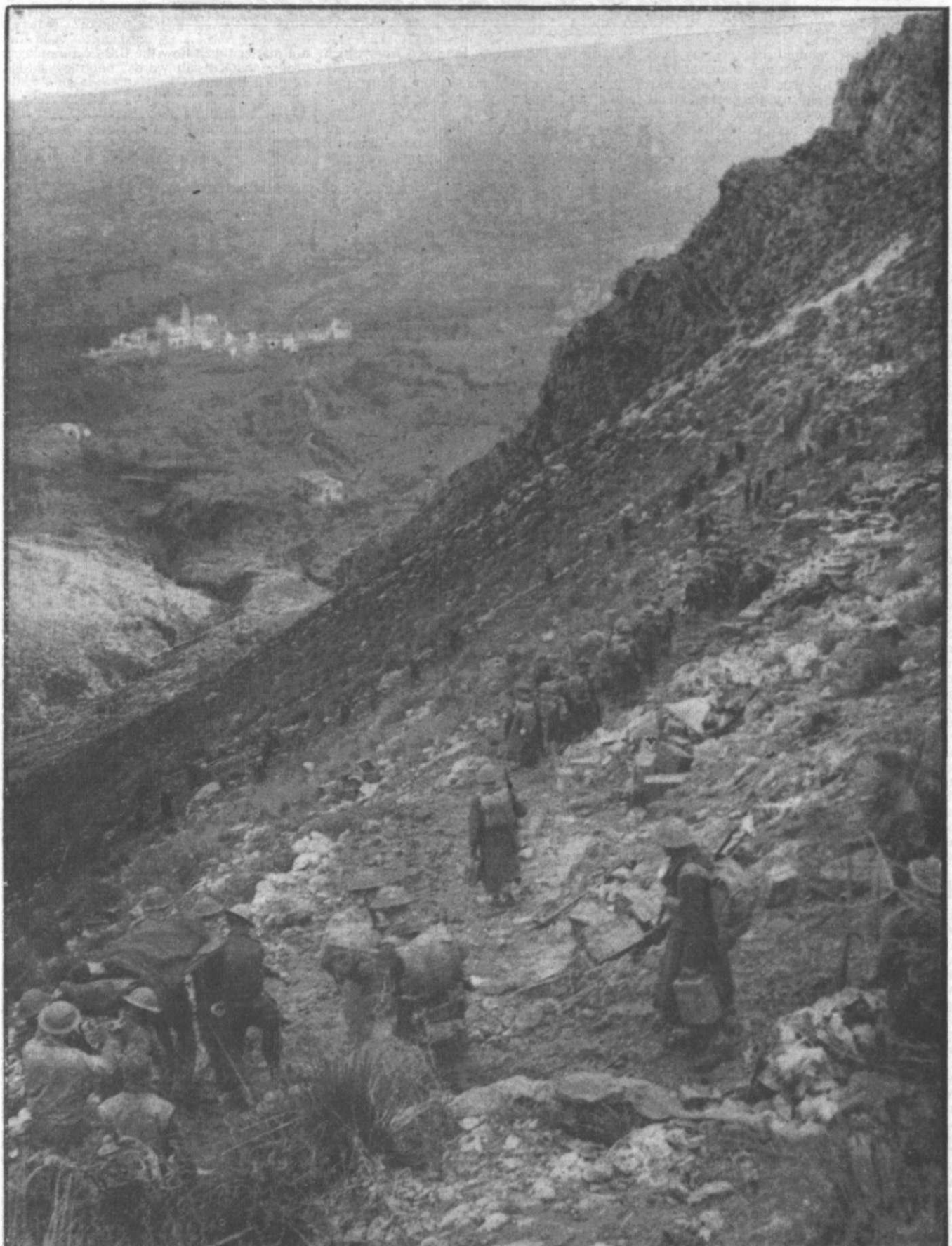
QUEEN VICTORIA'S first Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, once said to his Cabinet after a discussion on some public matter of great interest at the moment: "Now, gentlemen, it doesn't matter what we say about this, but let's all say the same thing." We were told in one of the "B.B.C. Close-ups" that news announcers are trained to pronounce names of places in a uniform manner as near as possible to the way they are pronounced in the country where they are. But they do not all profit by this training. Some, for example, sound the G in Gomel and Mogilev on the Russian front, others make it an H, which is correct. There is not a G at the beginning of the one or in the middle of the other. The letter stands for a guttural H. Both Russians and people of other nationalities get mixed up over this. A ship's captain once greeted a friend of mine who was leaving Leningrad by ship for England with "Going for a goliday? Where's gusband?" It does not matter much how the B.B.C. announcers pronounce Russian words, but they should all do it the same way.

WHY a printing firm in Glasgow should be allowed to use paper for a large pamphlet on the subject of Regulation 18B, which is priced at a shilling, it is hard to understand. If paper is really needed urgently for munitions, as we are constantly told, this and many other purposes to which it is put can hardly be in the national interest. I don't like this regulation which suspends the Habeas Corpus Act and enables the Home Office to detain anybody without trial or accusation. I don't think anybody who believes in democracy likes it. But the more it is argued against, the more I feel it was, and may still be, indispensable to our war effort. The pamphlet is entitled It Might Have Happened to You, which is most misleading, for detention under this power has not happened to anybody who had not incurred suspicion in some way. Where Fascism is concerned, to be like Caesar's wife is the only sensible course—"above suspicion."

I HAVE been looking through some numbers of the 8th Army's weekly paper, called The Crusader, and amusing myself by noticing how small and very large issues are mixed up in its pages—quite rightly, for the journal has to appeal to many different interests. Complaints about the cigarettes supplied to the troops (which have been mentioned in Parliament) are next to articles on the post-war world. Demands for more and better chocolate are sandwiched between an explanation of the split among Yugoslav patriots and a report of Field-Marshal Smuts's speech which stirred up such heated controversy. A parachute officer urges the need for changes at home and begs soldiers to acquire the knowledge that will enable them to take part in making these wisely. A gunner pleads for the retention of many institutions and habits which are dear to him and many others. Letters about emigration from Britain are often printed. Some want to go to South Africa, others to Australia. The Crusader shows that men on active service find time to think a good deal on a wide variety of subjects.

IT may seem to some people almost frivolous that Paris, under German domination, with so many major woes to afflict the population, should be so much disturbed about not being able to enjoy its usual meat meals. But no one acquainted with the habits of Parisians will feel any surprise. French people do not habitually eat much meat, but their traditional lunch, an omelette and a cutlet, means a great deal to them. A cut off the joint they would not care about. The large, rather over-cooked steaks and chops, which used to be the staple fare in our restaurants and hotels, would scarcely appeal to them. But they were very fond of their dainty cutlets, lamb for choice. Once they could not imagine lunch without them. Now this dish is rarely seen, and the small round pieces of underdone steak on toast (tournedos) are even less frequently seen. Seven departments in what was Unoccupied France have been told by Vichy they must spare some of their meat, which is abundant, for the capital. But will they be likely to obey?

Crossing Monte Camino's Rugged Slopes



A KEY HEIGHT ON THE ROAD TO ROME, Monte Camino towered jaggedly before the 5th Army. But in a final grim assault the summit was successfully stormed. Following up this magnificent achievement the infantry, expert in mountain warfare, descended the western slope and took three villages and an important highway. It was announced on December 10, 1943, that both Monte Camino and Monte Maggiore had been cleared of the enemy. See story in page 505.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

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